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Wert capable of war--its tugs and trials. Be capa-
ble of peace--its trials;
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at
last in peace--not war.

Walt Whitman.

THE PACIFIC

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"HARD TO BE VICTORIOUS!"

We find the words in "An American Poilu," a book by an American who went to France in the early part of the war to assist in hospital work, and afterward entered the French army. Letters to his mother and sister, not meant for publication, were found to be of such beauty and worth that they were in the early months of the present year given by friends to the public in book form. The writer of the letters was at a hospital, recovering from a wound when peace came. Along with others he went to the cathedral in Rennes to sing the Te Deum and celebrate the victory. The Cardinal made that day what he terms the most remarkable speech ever made in any temple, Christian or pagan. With the American Poilu at that celebration was a French captain with whom he had had wonderful comradeship on the battlefield and in the hospital, both having been wounded.

"The captain said it was shameful, and I said it was criminal. On the greatest day in the history of the modern world, on the day of victory after a four years of war, before a vast audience, the least of which had borne his fagot of suffering, the crippled soldiers, the forlorn mothers, the tragic fathers—this poor old Cardinal of Rennes had nothing to say of beauty, of consolation, of spiritual import. He talked exactly as a cabman or a bar-tender would talk about the Boche and the end of the war. He was a shocking cardinal."

The American Poilu's final words are:

"Victorious—I think it very hard to be victorious—victorious with beauty. Defeat is easier; one puts on black and goes softly and is more or less dignified. Victorious—one is tempted to get drunk, to be vulgar and cruel. Listen to what Walt Whitman wrote after the victory of our civil war, and behold the ideal:

"Reconciliation, word over all, beautiful as the sky; Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,

That the hands of the sisters—Death and Night—incessantly, softly wash again, and over again, this soiled world;

For my enemy is dead, a man as divine as myself is dead,

I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,

Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin."

The Poilu who thus wrote is no mollicoddle; he is a man of heroic mould, he wears the *croix de guerre*.

It has been written of him: "He was not a boy to be fascinated by the glamour of adventure; neither was he of the type to whose imagination a military career appealed. It was only his love for France and for his fellowman that lured him into dedicating his life to world freedom."

In one of his letters he wrote: "To follow the heel of death into be sensitive to the clouds that gather round the setting sun. I have told you how we picked the flowers while crouching in the wheat, waiting for orders to advance. I knew I was picking mere flowers, but most of my comrades were picking whatever they had known of charm and pleasure and home. Had pictures been taken of their brains they would have shown them as dreaming poets rather than soldiers. I think all soldiers are just what might be called poets, which accounts for their divine gentleness, tenderness, bravery. The old stuff about drums and bluster is nonsense pulled off in musical comedy. I have seen resting by the wayside, my whole company grown sweet as young girls. On the battlefield they smiled at one another like sisters." At another time on the march: "We are quite like a family of boys—each shares with the other. I've never seen a stingy gesture. The poilu is surely touched by divinity."

In the "Introduction" to these letters Sara Ware Bassett of Boston says: "The War, that great refiner's fire, has burned away much of the dross cumbering mankind, and has left us face to face with the true metal of a myriad of souls before whose naked purity and selflessness we bow in homage. They are the youth who followed the gleam, soldiers who despite the grimness of battle never lost sight of the vision that transformed reality to an ideal, and made of suffering an incident, and of carnage a crusade for humanity."

Several decades ago John Ruskin asked, "Why not soldiers of the plowshare as well as soldiers of the sword?"

The question is much more insistent in the twentieth century than in the nineteenth.

Oh, for the selflessness of the years of war in the years of peace!

Among the legacies from the field of battle is the following written by a dying soldier to his little daughter:

"In wiser days, my darling rosebud, blown
To beauty proud as was your mother's prime,
In that desired, delayed, incredible time,
You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own,
And the dear heart that was your baby throne,
To dice with death. And, oh! they'll give you rhyme
And reason: Some will call the thing sublime,
And some decry it in a knowing tone.
So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
And tired men sigh, with mud for couch and floor,
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
Died not for flag, nor king nor emperor,
But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
And for the secret scripture of the poor."

The dream born in the herdsman's shed! It is to shape the world! But if the generations now on earth are to see much advance toward its fulfillment, the virtues and the high morale of the years of war must be carried over into the years of peace. There must be a wide-spread passion for justice, there must be a collective consciousness, there must be loyalty and devotion to the highest—much more of all these than is yet manifest. Individuals and nations are finding it hard to be victorious. And there is great need that thought be directed more to the altruism manifested markedly while the war was going on, and especially on the battlefield. Only in the transcending of self is there any hope for this seething world.

A German soldier with one arm shot off and the fingers gone from the other arm, having been asked how he managed to get from the battlefield without bleeding to death, replied that his life had been saved by a dying French soldier, who took his necktie and bound it around his wrist and gave him also his coat for protection from cold, saying as he did this, "There will be no war in heaven." And the German, touched to the depths by the kindness, remarked as he told the story: "If I go to heaven that Frenchman is the first man I want to meet."

One day after a fight in the trenches, a French officer saw a German boy about fifteen years old turning over and over near the French trench. Left there for dead, he had lain through the night in great suffering. The French officer lifted the boy tenderly in his arms and carried him over to the German lines. A German officer who received them took off his own iron cross, placed it on the neck of the French officer and sent him back in safety to his side of the trenches.

In one of Coningsby Dawson's books there is this story: "During one fierce engagement a British officer saw a German officer impaled on barbed wire and writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly, 'I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer.' So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased, both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the com-

mander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the iron cross and pinned it on the breast of the British officer."

From stricken Belgium there has come the story of the aged Belgian woman tending in her tiny garden the flower-covered graves of three Germans. The authorities offered to remove them, but her reply was: "Oh, nay, nay, nay, mynheeren, God gave me these graves instead of the grave of my boy. I could not tend them so well if they were in the church yard. It is too far from my house. Nay, nay, let the three sleep here."

When the authorities said: "But you have not the room, madam," the woman's words were: "There is room in my heart and in my garden, mynheer. I shall keep these three graves and may be in Germany is one who will keep the grave of my boy."

We have quoted the American Poilu as saying of soldier comrades that he never saw a stingy gesture. In a Y. M. C. A. meeting in France where the soldiers were asked to give their ideas on being a Christian, one arose and said:

"When we were going in the other night, on our way to the trenches, I forgot my blanket. It was darned cold, too. You fellows know that. And it looked to me like I was going to freeze out there. But when my pal found out the fix I was in, instead of guying me for being such a fool as to forget my stuff, he took out his knife and cut his own blanket in two and gave me half of it."

I don't know whether that's what the preachers call being good—but it's good enough for me."

Coningsby Dawson testifies: "There's a fundamental nobility in all men which comes to the surface when life is most despairing. Oh, the brave endurance—the selflessness. I saw a chap with a mortal wound the other day thinking nothing of himself—only of his pal who was but slightly wounded."

Another gave this witness on the blood-stained soil of France: "I never understood the meaning of such words as comradeship and worship till I saw the boys dying together in the trenches. A new era of religion is coming which will not have less of God in it, but it will contain far more of the element of human fellowship."

Donald Hankey, writing in "The Student in Arms" of "the beloved captain," tells us: "Wherever there was a tiresome job to be done he was there in charge. If ever there was a moment of danger he was on the spot. If there was any particular part of the line where the shells were falling faster or the bombs dropping more thickly than in other parts he was in it."

And it is written of some of the tender personal ministrations of "the beloved captain" that there was "something religious" about them, that he seemed to have the touch of Christ. So loving and so brotherly was the captain in his treatment of his men that even the most unpromising "pulled themselves together and determined to do their best."

Thus dealt with and thus led none grumbled and none shirked. All felt that they were brothers and that none went his way alone.

Such are a few of the things contributed by the world war, glimpsing the splendor of the human soul, the divinity that dwells in man. The need is for the manifestation of such qualities of soul in peace as well as in war.

After our civil war Walt Whitman wrote:

Wert capable of war—its tug and trials. Be capable of peace—its trials;
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in peace—not war.

And Whitman wrote also not long after the close of our civil war other words, a warning needed much more today than then:

"The war is completed, the price is paid, the title is settled beyond recall;

Let everyone answer! let those who sleep be waked!
let none evade!

Must we still go on with our affectations and sneaking?

Let the sympathy that waits in every man wait * * *

Let freedom prove no man's inalienable right; everyone who can tyrannize, let him tyrannize to his satisfaction! * * *

Let there be no God!

Let there be money, business, imports, exports, customs, authority, precedents, smut, ignorance, unbelief! * * *

Let there be wealthy and immense cities, but still through them not a single poet, saviour, knower, lover!

Let the Asiatic, the African, the European, the American, the Australian, go armed against the murderous stealthiness of each other; let them sleep armed; let none believe in good-will!

Let the white person again tread the black person under his heel! (Say, which is trodden under heel after all?)

Let there be no unfashionable wisdom, let such be scorn'd and derided off from the earth!

Let the infidels of these States laugh all faith away! If one man be found who has faith, let the rest set upon him!

Let them affright faith! Let them destroy the power of breeding faith!

Let the preachers recite creeds; let them still teach only what they have been taught!

Let the reflections of the things of the world be studied in mirrors—let the things themselves still continue unstudied!

Let the limited years of life do nothing for the limitless years of death! What do you suppose death will do, then?"

Never was America's danger so great as it is now in the days of victory. We hear it on every hand—that the future of the world rests with the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and that the next fine chapters are

to be wrought out on the North American Continent. But, too many are thinking of democracy as something accomplished, while it is in fact an ideal on which we have but entered. Humanity will wipe itself from the face of the earth if there is not ere long adopted as a working formula, in a workable way, the principle of "all for each and each for all." In June 1917 we quoted the moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly as saying in the annual sermon, and saying truly: "The apostles no more thought of saving themselves or living for themselves than a soldier in battle does." The apostles lived as the Lord of Life had taught them to live.

There is no other way. And today our civilization is challenged as never before. Many a man who fought in France for democracy, many a man who backed up here at home that fighting overseas, will work for the defeat of democracy now that the war is ended. The world's greatest proponent of democracy was Jesus of Nazareth and long ago it was decreed that he should overturn and overturn until his principles should be supreme. And the future supreme people will not be the Anglo-Saxons if they fail to embody in their institutions the Democracy of Christ. And so today with the big responsibility resting upon us as victors the one great need is that we seek to get rid of our vainglorious and self-righteous spirit, see ourselves as we really are, realize the seriousness of the situation, get busy and stay busy in the effort to bring in the reign of Brotherhood.

While the war was going on John Oxenham, a British poet, wrote for the British people a poem one stanza of which with the change of one word in the fifth line we commend to the consideration of the American people:

If we work as we did in the trenches—

When no man's life was his own,

But each man strove for the good of all,

And worked till the work was done—

We can make this land of ours

The happiest land on earth,

Where all men strive for the good of all,

And none shall suffer dearth.

THE TREATMENT OF THE NEGRO IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Independent, a leading weekly journal, remarked recently: "There is nothing Japan has done to the present Korean revolutionists, or that England has ever done to Ireland, or even that Germany has done to Belgium, that can equal in depravity and barbarity America's record for lynching."

The number of lynchings in 1918 was 224.

There is an impression that the lynching of Negroes is largely for attacks on women. But only 28 of the 325 in a period of four years prior to 1918 were because of that offense. And in one year in the state of New York 37 persons were indicted for that offense—something indicating that that crime is

not peculiar to the black man, that it is not racial.

Since President Wilson made his appeal to the American people to stop lynching, 21 Negroes have been lynched. Some of the recent lynchings have been especially horrible. Under the caption of "Democracy and the Burning Stake," Pearson's Magazine gives the following:

"Hampton Smith, a white farmer, notorious for ill-treating his Negro employees, was killed on May 17, 1918. Six persons, of whom not one was connected with the crime, having been lynched, the wife of one of the murdered Negroes, a Mrs. Turner, remarked that the killing of her husband was unjust, and that if she knew the names of the persons who were in the mob that lynched him, she would have warrants sworn out against them and have them punished in the courts. This news determined the mob to 'teach her a lesson.' The grief stricken and terrified woman was taken to a lonely spot and lynched. At the time she was lynched, Mary Turner was in her eighth month of pregnancy. The delicate state of her health, one month previous to delivery, may be imagined, but this fact had no effect on the mob. Her ankles were tied together and she was hung to the tree head downward. Gasoline and oil from the automobiles were thrown on her clothing and while she writhed in agony and the mob howled in glee, a match was applied and her clothes burned from her body."

At this point in the article from which we have quoted, the editor of Pearson's says: "Further details of the bestial cruelty are too awful for publication." And then the following is quoted from the official report of investigations: "Her infant, prematurely born, gave two feeble cries when its head was crushed by a member of the mob with his heel. Hundreds of bullets were then fired into the body of the woman, now mercifully dead, and the fiendish work was over."

The following is a condensed account of the hanging of a Negro boy on a tree just outside the office of the mayor of Waco, Tenn., while the mayor stood unconcerned near the window: "The mob ripped the boy's clothes off, cut them in bits and slashed and cut the boy. Someone cut his ear off; someone else unsexed him. While a fire was being prepared of boxes, the naked boy was stabbed and the chain put over the tree. He tried to get away, but could not. He reached up to grab the chain and they cut off his fingers. A big man struck the boy on the back of the neck with a knife just as they were pulling him up on the tree. He was lowered into the fire several times by means of the chain around his neck. Altogether the boy had about twenty-five stab wounds, none of them death-dealing."

At Memphis, Tennessee, a brutal hanging was advertised a day in advance and men, women and children flocked to it as to a barbecue. Scores of parents sent requests to school teachers to excuse their children from school that day so that they could attend the lynching.

Mr. A. G. Dill, formerly a professor in Atlanta

University, now business manager of the Crisis, said recently:

"To be a Negro and work in the South is one of the hardest tasks for men on earth. To pursue happiness in the midst of petty mean humiliations imposed upon us for no plausible reason is almost impossible. In most of the Southern States, Negroes have no rights whatever. There are different laws for white and black people. The Negroes are condemned to segregation, they are taxpayers but have no voice in the legislature. Their children receive an education which is inadequate in our times of progress. Mr. Washington's great theory, that a Negro will be respected if he acquires education and property has not been realized. The educated Negro in the South is more exposed to the brutalities of racial prejudice than the old type Negro, looked upon as a working animal. We have State laws and city ordinances, which seem to have been written in the Dark Middle Ages. And the humiliation of it all. No self-respecting Negro cares to ride on a street car in Atlanta, Georgia. Big signs greet the passengers: **'White passengers will sit from the front towards the rear; colored passengers from the rear towards the front.'** If you are a Negro and wish to take a trip on the railroad, you have to use Jim Crow cars. Say you are on your way from Cincinnati to Washington. In the middle of the Ohio River, while crossing the bridge, a railroad official will walk into the day coach where you have paid for your ticket, and place a big sign in front of you: **'WHITE.'** * * * At the railway stations the waiting room is divided, one side reserved for the exclusive use of white passengers. In most Southern States the use of Pullman coaches by colored people is not permitted."

We give here a few happenings during the last eight months, condensed from an article in Pearson's Magazine:

Two Catholic hospitals in Detroit have refused to receive Negro patients, though one of the hospitals receives city funds. Even the sick members of the Catholic Church for colored people are not admitted to these hospitals.

A colored physician who stood at the head of the eligible list was appointed junior physician at the Tuberculosis Hospital in Chicago, but some patients objected and he was dismissed.

The Y. M. C. A. at Newport, Rhode Island, has been getting rid of its colored members and is refusing admission for the future.

The post-office at Pensacola, Florida, has established a "Jim Crow" stamp window for colored buyers, who are served after white patrons have been served.

Dynamiting of the better class of Negro homes has been resumed in Kansas City, Mo. Within a few weeks several homes of rich Negroes have been damaged by "unknown enemies."

Mrs. V. Boone, who went as a delegate from the Colored Parent and Teachers' Association of Sparta, Ga., to attend the State Parent Teachers' Associa-

tion, was refused admission on account of her race.

How much longer, we ask, will the people of the United States allow the Emancipation Proclamation and Constitutional Amendments and legislative enactments to be regarded as mere scraps of paper?

The white races of the world are going to give the colored races a square deal or the white races are going to be thrown on the scrap heap by the Lord God Almighty.

BE JUST AT HOME!

United States! the ages plead,—
Present and Past in under-song,
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free....

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

DEAN CHARLES R. BROWN AND THE LAWRENCE TROUBLE.

The Pacific rejoices in the report made by Dean Brown concerning the strike in the mills of the American Woolen Company and other mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts. The report was made to a committee of the Congregational Conference of Massachusetts, which had requested him to go to Lawrence and make an investigation.

In bringing the matter before the Massachusetts Conference the committee expressed the judgment, based on the report of Dean Brown, that the industrial situation therein depicted constituted a menace and afforded an opportunity for the sowing of the seeds of lawlessness such as would result in the overthrow of the institutions of government.

Dean Brown stated that he was amazed at the apparent indifference of many thoughtful, law-abiding citizens of Lawrence touching the conditions in their industries and in their municipal government. An open disregard of public sentiment touching the problems of industry on the part of influential mill owners was found; the managers were opposed to the unions and against collective bargaining.

Dr. Brown was informed by some of the managers that the question of wages was their own private affair and something with which the public had no concern though wages were inadequate during years

in which special dividends had been paid stockholders. One manager who was not paying a decent wage was found to be receiving a salary of \$100,000.

For some reason the police, or some of them at least, seemed to be owned by the mill managers and there were well authenticated cases of brutal assaults on unoffending people, even by the police themselves.

All in all Dean Brown's investigation coincides with what we have seen reported in a few other publications. But all the while we have seen much on the other side, there being a propaganda in favor of the mill managers. It is not possible in these days to get a fair report of any industrial controversy through the ordinary publication channels. People all over the country will welcome Dean Brown's report. It is to be put into the hands of every Congregational minister in the United States.

PROFITS OF THE AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY.

From the annual statement by the company at Lawrence, Massachusetts, reported on by Dr. Brown, it has been ascertained that the declared profit during the last four years, after the payment of war tax and other taxes was \$38,000,000—and in addition its surplus reserve fund increased \$26,000,000, and its working capital \$34,000,000. During the four year period the large plants were put in perfect condition and several small plants were acquired, and yet \$10,000,000 were written off for depreciation of plant. In one year there was an increase of \$18,000,000 in working capital. The common stock, which amounts to \$20,000,000, had a profit of \$171 a share in 1918. The preferred stock, which has a fixed dividend, amounts to \$40,000,000.

READING THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

The indorsement of United States Senator Hiram W. Johnson by the San Francisco Chronicle for the Republican nomination for the Presidency is one of the most remarkable and significant occurrences in the political history of California.

In a full page editorial on the 12th of June, the Chronicle, evidently itself aware of what its action signified, said: "It is a matter of profound significance that conservative Republicans are more than willing to accept the leadership of the dynamic force of a personality whom but a few years ago some of them regarded as a danger to organized society."

One of the conservative Republicans so regarding Mr. Johnson was the proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, and directed by him his "hired men" on the paper carried on for years not only an attack on Governor Johnson's leading policies but assailed him personally with bitterness.

In the course of its editorial, the Chronicle says with reference to the past: "Those controversies are past and all those old issues are settled or are

getting settled in the light of experience leading to final judgment."

Further, The Chronicle says: "Much has happened during the last decade. The experience of all of us is wider than it was. Conservatives have learned that we can safely move faster than they thought. The more radical have been sobered by responsibility."

This expression about the more radical being sobered can be allowed to pass. The great outstanding fact is that the conservatives have moved up to the radical position, and a battle for humanitarianism has been won.

The Chronicle declares now: "This Nation has produced no more stalwart champion of the humanitarian impulses of our nature than Senator Johnson, or any more courageous or effective enemy of the forces of social disorder, whether they be of the predatory rich or the predatory poor."

This is correct. Senator Johnson has been a stalwart in the effort to withstand predatory interests, but those whom he has fought have been mainly the predatory rich; the poor have not had much opportunity to plunder.

A NEW YORK BANKER ON CONDITIONS IN EUROPE.

We have no doubt from what we see in the British journals, that the picture drawn by the New York banker, Mr. Vanderlip, in an address early in the month in New York, was pretty accurately drawn. In that address Mr. Vanderlip, widely known as a level-headed man, said: "Europe has received such a shock as cannot be measured by those who have not seen it at close range. Men all over the continent are idle. The disorders are a result of want, idleness and revolution, and cannot be confined to any one locality. * * * There is a difficulty about a resumption of work on ordinary peace affairs that I think nobody could be made to comprehend that did not see it on the ground. * * *

"I believe it is possible that there may be let loose in Europe forces that will be more terribly destructive than have been the forces of the great war."

"Let me tell you a little about England, England as I see it," said Mr. Vanderlip. "The England that I saw the first of February was an England on the very verge of revolution. You did not get that over here, but it is a fact generally admitted by all Englishmen. * * *

"The responsible minister of the British government said to me that you cannot get the industries of Europe started so that Europe in time can make an effectible demand upon the industries of England. The British government will have to get 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 Englishmen out of England and nearer to the source of food supply."

As to Central Europe, Mr. Vanderlip said: "Mr. Hoover told me that the breakdown in transportation in central Europe and in the countries east of Germany was so serious that there was bound to be starvation of hundreds of thousands of people simply

because the food could not be moved. If ports were full of food, there would still be many, many, many thousands of people starving. Starving people—you know they really starve to death by hundreds of thousands. It is a long way off—we do not get it; we do not understand it."

In the course of his address Mr. Vanderlip stated that England's war cost since the armistice had been six million, five hundred pounds a day—only a million less per day than it was before the armistice. "The cost of the war since the armistice," he remarked, "is going to amaze the world."

Mr. Vanderlip expressed the judgment that civilization in Europe can be saved from chaos only by reaching out a helping hand by the United States for the starting up of the wheels of industry.

WHAT SOME OF THE BRITISH PAPERS ARE SAYING ABOUT CONDITIONS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The Manchester Guardian, one of the ablest and most reliable of British newspapers, in an editorial on conditions in the United Kingdom, expressed itself recently as follows: "It's workers are in a state of almost universal unrest and discontent. Where food and living, coupled with crushing taxation, depress all classes but the richest and threaten the future of its industries. * * * Its common wealth has diminished, yet its rich men plot to add to their private store. * * * It's statesmen were never so distrusted or its parliament held in so little repute. * * * With the war ended a terrible trial, not only of the body of society, but of its soul and character. It was time to reanimate it with fruitful and humanizing thought. The Prime Minister readdressed it to loot and revenge. He may have meant less evil than he spoke. That charitable reserve hardly applies to his Secretary for War. Before the blood has dried on the wounds of the world and the nation, Mr. Churchill is busy remilitarizing England. Conscription has been reimposed, and the age for voluntary recruiting has been dropped to seventeen. It has been proposed that the political repression by the aid of which conscription was enforced in war time should be carried into the peace, and any speech or writing which discouraged recruiting treated as disaffection to the State and heavily punished. In this spirit Mr. Churchill has commended his incredible estimates and mapped out the tasks of his armies of conscripts. It is work for a Roman Empire."

The New Age, a publication devoted to the new order, declares that the rich are more extravagant than ever and that for every wealthy spendthrift before the war there are now two at the least; and every pre-war sport for the wealthy has been resumed though the cost has doubled. Concessions to labor of an increased share in production are in the main, it is said, made grudgingly.

The Nation, another London journal, contained recently this editorial expression: "The world drifts from the old aristocracy to the new plutocracy, and from the new plutocracy it is apt to be

wrenched violently to a forcible dictatorship of the proletariat."

In another paper we are informed that the attempt to settle ex-soldiers on the land is meeting with the expected resistance of the landlords, twenty-five hundred of whom own more than half the acreage of the United Kingdom.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Campbell Morgan will be a speaker at several summer conventions in the United States this year.

Arthur Henderson, the British Labor Party leader, has been a local Wesleyan Methodist preacher for many years and a Sunday school superintendent and teacher.

"What the War Has Taught Us" will be the title of a book of sermons by Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, to be published soon by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Dr. Aked is announced to preach in Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, on Sunday, July 6th. For the 13th the supply is Dr. James L. Gordon of Washington, for July 20th and 27th, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago.

Detroit, Michigan, now has a Negro population of approximately fifty thousand. A Presbyterian synodical missionary investigating as to the need for a Presbyterian church found only about 75 families with Presbyterian affiliations.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, after the completion of the nave, will be the largest in the western hemisphere and the third largest in the world. Five million dollars will be needed for the building and maintenance of the nave.

During the year in which Detroit has been released from saloon bondage there has been a reduction of arrests for all sorts of misdemeanors of 26,140. Admissions to the County Infirmary show a reduction of over 63 per cent. The savings banks show an increase of more than \$25,000,000.

The University of Michigan claims the largest number of Chinese girl students in any educational institution in this country. There are ten of them, and nearly all are studying medicine. Doubtless the ten Oriental scholarships, of \$450 each, for the encouragement of female education in the Orient, have much to do with the large attendance comparatively.

In China since 1910 the modern schools of various types, including normal, industrial and technical schools, colleges and universities, have increased from 52,650 to 134,000. China now has 326,000 teachers and 4,500,000 students. The Minister

of Education says in his last report: "In future the ministry will try its best to encourage higher and technical education by special grants. It is now making plans for the dispatch of more college graduates to foreign countries to pursue higher education. Social education will also be encouraged.

In an article on "The Decay of the Wage System,"—in *The Nineteenth Century*, one of the great English Reviews—it is declared that the system has served its ends, is out of touch with the age and must be displaced. The author argues that if the British people cling to it and patch it up they will very soon be in the miseries of the old war between capital and labor. Although his judgment is that it is sure to go, he finds one of the serious bars to the needed copartnership that should replace it, an inclination on the part of many of the labor leaders, intellectual spokesmen and others, toward pure socialism—the total abolition of competition and commercial rivalry.

In a recent sermon on "Pulling Down Strongholds," Dr. Jowett of Westminster Chapel, London, spoke of the British factory system—"for generation after generation a stronghold of special wrong." The false idea underlying it Dr. Jowett said is that of a laborer under the deceptive word "hands," instead of a living being made in the image of God. Speaking of international jealousy and ill-will, Dr. Jowett remarked: "In Christ Jesus there is neither Greek nor Jew, American nor Japanese, British nor German." And then: "My brethren, do not attack me for saying that, attack Jesus." One cannot read the notes from time to time, in the British papers, concerning Dr. Jowett's sermons and fail to discover that he finds much to condemn in English life—more it seems than aforesaid. This, we believe, comes from the fact that Dr. Jowett is applying the gospel to the problems of every-day life as he never has in the past.

A Roman Catholic belief and aspiration were expressed recently in the following frank manner by the National Catholic Register: "It is God's plan that the Holy Father of Rome should be the temporal and spiritual head of his kingdom on earth. It is the same today as in the time of the first pope. The best way to accomplish this is through political power, through religious education and service. God has doubly blessed the Catholic Church of America by placing one of its most faithful sons at the right hand of President Wilson. Next to the President, Hon. Joseph Tumulty, a Knight of Columbus of the 33rd degree, wields the greatest political power of any man in America; and as a true Catholic he is exercising the greatest trust which God has given into his hands for the glory of the Holy Church. Through his tact and holy zeal he has created a warm friendship between the Catholic Church and President Wilson. This is the first time in the history of the country when the President and a great

political party have openly sought an equal and honest alliance with the Catholic Church. Through the efforts of Hon. Joseph Tumulty, President Wilson has practically granted that education in the Philippines shall be under control of the Catholic Church; and that religious activity in the great American army shall be under the direction of the Knights of Columbus. This means the addition to the Church of one million of the country's best and bravest young men, or at least their strong preference and sympathy for the Catholic Church."

* *

In March of this year, the Rev. Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, sent a letter to the "Youth of the Broadway Tabernacle who are still doing their bit a long way from home" from which we make quotation: "I have been preaching a series of sermons on 'The Building of a Better World.' The sermons have been going on for over two months but I cannot say that the world has changed much, at least not yet. Judging from what I read in the papers things remain pretty much the same as they were. When I look down Broadway at night, I see no change at all. We are not saving coal this winter. We do not have to. Everything that was advertised when you were here is still in the market, with some things added. I believe that Broadway is a sort of leopard whose spots cannot be changed. I see no signs of a better world in the neighborhood of the church, and so I am going to wait till you come home. My ideas are all right, but we lack builders. How can one build a better world in America with so many of the best Americans away from home. Hurry up."

* *

The May number of the Missionary Review of the World is a "World Temperance Number." Seventy-two pages, almost the entire publication, are devoted to this one subject. In the article on India we find the following: "India's native leaders, both Hindu and Mohammedan, are opposed to the drink traffic. If they could have their way in municipal, provincial and imperial councils, the legalized business would soon be abolished. This has been tested by vote on various occasions, in several areas. Thus far the Government's concern as to revenue has operated against any marked change of policy." We are told that "probably nowhere in the Orient is the temperance movement larger or better organized than in India." An influential Hindu said recently: "The time has come when the Government and temperance reformers should place total abstinence in India as the ultimate goal to be reached in the not distant future." The writer of the article, a missionary, says: "We have a new India, and unless all signs fail the larger share in the government that is now to come into the hands of Indian leaders will make for definite advance in the direction of prohibition." The article concerning Japan is by Dr. Sidney Gulick, who says: "The war prosperity of Japan has resulted in heavier drinking than ever before. While other countries have put alcoholic

drink more or less under the ban Japan has indulged in the poison more liberally than ever. There are nevertheless signs of hope for Japan. Some of her most able leaders begin to see that if Japan is to hold her place among the nations of power, 'sake' must go. Such men as Viscount Kaneko and Dr. Miyake, a privy counselor and a member of the house of peers, have come out against intoxicating liquor." The General Secretary of the Chinese Christian Student Association in North America writes the article concerning China. It relates to the invasion of China by the brewing interests of the United States, concerning which he says: "Missionaries and Chinese educators are planning for a movement in China which is to be educational and legislative, to combat the brewers and to give them the same fate that opium has suffered."

* *

Under the caption "Communist Hungary," Mr. H. N. Bailsford, of the London Nation, writes: "The workers have a vastly larger sphere of self-government than the most liberal form of capitalism allowed, but the final authority lies with the State. There is no risk that the extravagant period of self-indulgence which ruined industry in the early days of Russian communism will be repeated in Hungary. There it is undoubtedly intelligence which rules. I visited a great factory at Budapest which makes electric lamps, telephone and telegraphic apparatus. The soviet consists of three scientific and four manual workers. The manager was a former engineer of the works, a man obviously of ability and good sense. Three former directors were employed as consultative experts. All the infinitely skillful work of this vast organism went on as before, with this difference, however, on which both workmen and managers insisted, that men and women alike worked with more spirit, more conscience, more honesty, because they felt they were working for themselves and no longer for an exploiter." Concerning the attempt from the outside to overthrow the soviet rule in Hungary, the Nation says: "It might be true that the Soviet government represented a forcible usurpation of power by a small, organized minority. But there were no allegations of atrocities, and the public appeared, at any rate for the time being, to acquiesce in the drastic measures of communism that were adopted. Yet we find the Allies encouraging and assisting one of their number, a highly interested neighbor, Roumania, in a deliberate invasion of the country, with the avowed intention of overthrowing the established government." Soviet government doesn't suit the Allies, and so any excuse for overthrowing it is to them a good excuse. It is action on the principle that the end justifies the means.

The First Presbyterian Church of San Diego closed recently a campaign for the liquidation of an indebtedness of \$25,000, with \$26,000 pledged.

FRIENDSHIP WITH DEATH.

On the battle fields and in the trenches during the years of the great World War there have been many strange experiences. To the end of their days men will go on believing that "The Comrade in 'White' was more than fiction.

In the introduction to a little volume setting forth that story, Professor Hugh Black of Union Theological Seminary wrote: "Men who have come through the trenches have discovered some of the secrets of life and death. Many of them have known a reinforcement of spiritual power. It is quite natural that this fact should often be described in emotional form as direct interposition of angels and other supernatural agencies." Of this and similar stories Black said: "In essence they are all testimonies to the perennial fount of strength and comfort of religion—the human need which in all generations has looked up and found God a present help in times of trouble."

With reference to such experiences William B. West, a Y. M. C. A. worker in France, writes in his book "The Fight for the Argonne": "We may not understand the psychology, nevertheless one soldier saw, or thought he saw, Christ in a shell-hole stretching his hands in forgiveness and blessing. Another saw God the Father giving absolution as his streaming eyes caught a glimpse of the crucifix. Another felt 'The Presence' as the inward quietness which follows action crept over him. Whatever the form the effect was the same, men met God face to face and lived. A captain of infantry, coming out of the Argonne fight on September 30, said: 'I have never been a professed Christian. I have always considered the testimony of so-called Christians as the imagination of religious fanatics. But I saw Christ up there, and I shall never scoff again.' A private standing near turned to me and said: 'We all felt the same way about it. It was mighty real to us.'"

In a little book with the title "The Flame that is France," a 1917 prize book in Paris, some startling experiences are chronicled. The book may be a work of fiction—though it bears the marks of reality. And remarkable though the experiences are they are no more remarkable than some of the other inexplicable actual occurrences of modern times. But be they what they may, the stories are not without significance and suggestiveness.

"Memory, Love and Death have come to me this night," wrote a soldier on the battle-front. "I have seen them, I tell you, in a disturbing incarnation. And as we no longer fear anything, and no one can astonish us for long, I have talked with them as with new comrades of the battlefield." Each addressed him with voices of entreaty. The soldier asks, so runs the story: "Is it my weariness that has raised these beings up before me, these beings which have the fire and color of life—of something other, something greater than life?" And then, as if in answer to his question, as if to say that it is

not his weariness: "For a long time we have been placed upon these frontiers of humanity from which it is only a step to the other side."

It had been that soldier's turn to stand guard throughout the night at headquarters. "One grows accustomed to these lonely, feverish vigils," he remarks. "Even by day we rarely speak to one another. Amid these turbulent throngs we at the same time dread being separated. The love of life and friendship persists so strongly in the burning solitude that we come to endow all things with existence—the disconsolate and mutilated trees, the roads that mount up and lose themselves in the craters, the lacerated earth, our own over-heated weapons and the guns that growl and go through the same movements over and over, like black, howling dervishes. How many times I have caught our men with grave tenderness addressing their rifles, their bayonets, their helmets, their cannon, the smooth, heavy shells which they were about to send off!"

The soldier says to his readers: "I cannot describe these apparitions, diaphanous yet actual, incorporeal yet visible, diffused yet possessing the breath of life. I can do no more than faithfully transcribe their discourse, made up of music, of mystery, of perfume and of magic."

We pass by the dialogues with Memory and Love and take up that with Death.

Death came as a young woman, wise, throbbing, exquisite, smiling at him like a watchful and pitying angel. Her voice was "fresh and musical, like a spring that tumbles over white pebbles and cradles the tangled hair of the grasses."

The soldier speaks first: "O Death, dark morning, victory of the shades, do you assume this radiant magician's face to lure us, to astound us, to make us cross your threshold of quick-lime, stone, and shadow?"

Then Death: "I present myself to you under my familiar aspect and clothed in serenity."

Soldier: "I do not imagine you so."

Death: "You are ignorant children, deluded and heedless. Do you not understand that you keep alive a dissonance in the music of the world? But I shall draw you out of that abyss where you devour one another. * * * In my shining gardens I shall give you calm, order, harmony. When I meet you in the caverns it is so easy for me to engulf you. Already in your blue uniforms you are fragments of the sky. Almost insensible is your passage in the atmosphere."

When the soldier speaks of so much yet to be seen and loved in the world, Death replies: "Here you are like beggars in the squalor they love. I end your servitude. I open the gate of that narrow prison which your body is. * * * You must lift yourself to the absolute, to the sublime, where they are whom you believe dead, and who are not dead."

When the soldier says that he is not willing to vanish yet, Death replies: "You will not vanish when you have laid aside the grievous burden of

your flesh, you will be transformed into impalpable graces, wandering and purified flames, the supreme and secret guardians of your comrades and your friends. Those that have dwelt in France still float in its hallowed atmosphere. The motherland? It is the garden where one has grown up among these watchful souls—these phantom inspirers and protectors."

When the soldier says to Death that he is distressed and offended by the ugly, sanguinary martyrdom that would be inflicted on his young body if he yielded to the entreaties—"decay in some ditch unknown to those who might bedew it with their tears and prayers," Death interposes with: "This garment of flesh, these obscure indignities, why should they matter to you? From the spot where it will be hidden may rise perhaps a beautiful leafy tree, a fragrant rosebush, swaying stems of nourishing grain." And then, more loftily: "You do not know my secret designs, and for what an inexhaustible harmony you have been created and are going to die. * * * Be brave. Be strong. Be noble."

Soon, then, with finger on closed and smiling lips the enigmatical young woman disappears from the soldier's view in a ray of the rising sun. The morning light grows apace, he goes forth into the chilly, velvety air, and ere long is smiling at these nocturnal dialogues, though marveling also.

On other pages of this book we are told that a friend of the author,—or of the soldier in the story, gave account of an experience in which he had the grave and tranquil impression that he had entered into a comprehension of the Universal—had penetrated into the heart of truth. This soldier was quartered in a granite mausoleum in a cemetery. He was alone at the time. A mysterious fear came over him and feeling the need of talking he had cast aside his helmet. Soon a figure he thought to be Death stood before him. Smilingly the soldier spoke out: "Well, how are you? You see I've come to visit you, dear Death. An unseasonable visit, eh? You tried to conquer me when I was struggling with you. Now I throw myself into your arms; I embrace you; I acquiesce utterly. I await your orders."

A little later as the soldier lay on the straw in the sepulchre he experienced an indescribable sensation; it seemed as if he had risen out of his mortal vestment, that his personality had left his body.

"Things no longer had separate shapes; things were no longer far or near. I felt myself blended with all things. The world and the planets streamed together, a dense and acrid smoke. Stone and iron were no longer anything but transparent shadow. What surprised me was the dwindled size of this cold, stifling mist which to me represented the infinite universe. In a tiny corner of it, condensed, piled up, and as if stuck together, there swarmed a mass of minute moths, which were devouring each other." It seemed to the soldier that he himself took on great spaciousness and that he had touched the stars, the mild serenity of which gave him a message of harmony, peace, and love. Later his spa-

cious life began to contract, and soon he had returned to earth which seemed to him then like the moon—dead, enclosed in a black shell, burned and cracked, with flaming orifices; and creeping hordes clutched and tortured this sombre thing.

But the record is that the death through which he had passed in the fire of his thought had not given him absolution.

"It has corroded me, it has set its mark upon me. * * * I have always in my mouth a taste of cinders, a bitterness that nothing can efface. I abhor the leaders who direct this society of disorder and hatred; I see them as cruel, selfish and base. I find in my fellow creatures nothing but pitiful ugliness, falsehood and injustice. * * * I feel I shall not come back from the war. But what is most tragic in this is that I recognize my own stigma upon all my future companions under the soil. It is this that scorches me and haunts me. Every moment I look my life in the face and ask myself: 'Have I accomplished my destiny as I should? 'Have I been good, wise, noble? Have I done my share of the work of all the strong, dissatisfied souls who have passed through this life? Have my appeals been heard on this wide and shadowy road which is humanity?'"

How similar this to what Alan Seeger wrote, standing at the gates of Death: "I have seen my life all unrolled in such moments, and I can assure you that in that panorama everything else faded away, obscured in the haze of oblivion, through which only gleamed clear and distinct, like green, sunlit islands, **the hours when we have loved and been loved.**"

Not as a dialogue with Death, but as an inspiration in the heart of a boy of twenty, killed a short time after he wrote it, came this poem:

"And this we know: Death is not life effete,
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen
So marvelous things know well the end not yet.
Victor and vanquished are a-one in death:
Coward and brave, friend, foe. Ghosts do not say,
'Come, what was your record when you drew
breath?"

But a big blot has hid each yesterday,
So poor, so manifestly incomplete.
And your bright promise, withered long and sped,
Is touched, stirs, rises, opens, and grows sweet,
And blossoms and is you, when you are dead."

In her book, "The New Death," Winifred Kirkland writes: "Imperceptibly during these four tragic years the light on the adamant face of death has been changed for each one of us. The mask of mystery is no longer cold and gray, but warm with dawn. Not one of us is afraid of dying as he used to be. If we take inventory we shall see that we have traveled farther than we knew toward friendship with death."

The author of the book, "The New Death," in presenting the new attitude toward death, quotes Donald Hankey, author of "The Student in Arms":

"Never was such a triumph of spirit over matter. As for death, it was in a way the greatest joke of all. In a way—for if it was another fellow that was hit, it was an occasion for tenderness and grief. But if one of them was hit, O Death, where is thy sting? * * * Portentous, solemn Death, you looked like a fool when you tackled one of them. * * * One by one Death challenged them. One by one they smiled in his grim visage and refused to be dismayed." It was "going west"; and Ulysses of ancient days and Arthur of medieval though they sailed westward toward some mysterious harbor beyond living ken passed through no portals of decay.

Rupert Brooke's words come to us from off those battlefields in France:

"Safe shall be my going,
Secretly armed against all death's endeavor;
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall,
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all."

And Allan Seeger, freed like Brooke from his apparent agnosticism:

"Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life."

Seeger had delight in feeling himself in the play of world forces eternal in energy; and Brooke comforted himself with the thought that he was "a pulse in the eternal mind."

The attitude toward death that has been born out of the great World War, when millions of the youth of the nations of the world have been challenged and have answered Death's call, is after all not a new attitude. It is new to many to have such friendship with Death. But here and there down through the centuries the pages of literature sparkle with gems in which this attitude is set forth.

William Sharp wrote on the death of Whitman:
"He laughed at Life's Sunset Gates, with vanishing breath;
Glad soul who went with the sun to the sunrise of death."

And the inscription Sharpe penned for his own tomb was:

"Farêwell to the known and exhausted; welcome the unknown and illimitable. * * * Love is more great than we can conceive, and death is the keeper of unknown redemptions."

It was Whitman who wrote:

"Joy! shipmate—joy!
Pleased to my soul at death I cry,
Our life is closed—our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last—she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore;
Joy, shipmate,—Joy!"

Many of Whitman's finest utterances about death followed close upon our civil war—came out of it, as fine thoughts thereon are coming out of the World War of 1914-18. It was in what is called "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn," that Whitman wrote: of what he termed "lovely and soothing death":

"Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?

Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all."

Whitman had at one time in his life a mystical experience which led him to say that he did not simply believe in immortality—that he knew it; in other words, had entered into it, had experienced it. It was because of that experience along with his experiences on the battlefield and in the hospitals of the civil war that we find scattered through his poems beautiful thoughts about death.

"Has life much purport? Ah, Death has the greatest purport," wrote Whitman.

Having been requested in his later years to write a poem to accompany a picture gift from the painting "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" by George Innes, Whitman wrote the following:

Nay, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou hast portray'd or hit thy theme entire;
I, hoverer of late by this dark valley, by its confines, having glimpses of it,
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.
For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dread suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles;
And I have watched the death-hours of the old; and seen the infant die;
The rich with all his nurses and his doctors;
And then the poor, in meagerness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
Amid the nearness and the silent thoughts of thee.
And out of these and thee,
I make a scene, a song * * *
Of the broad, blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God's beautiful, eternal right hand,
Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,
Rich, florid, loosener of the stricture-knot call'd life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE MINDS OF THE SOLDIERS.

Philip Gibbs, one of the ablest of the war correspondents, considers it in an article prepared for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. He says in part:

"We shall have to wait, perhaps for ten years, before we see clearly the effect of those four years upon the character of men. My opinion is that the influence of war will be to intensify all the qualities previously existing in those masses of men. Those who were naturally brutal will be more brutalized by the torch of war. Those who had some spiritual strain in them will be more spiritualized, and seek to level up humanity to a higher plane than the way of life in that frightful shambles of the battlefields.

Passions pent up in the old times of peace will flame out in sudden gusts of virulence by masses of men believing rightly or wrongly that their liberties are threatened or their rights thwarted.

'If barriers of injustice are built across their path they will just smash through them like a battering ram against a brown-paper screen. But I am an optimist as to the ultimate outcome of all this upheaval of human nature. I believe that the majority of our soldiers who are coming back from the war are bigger men in minds and bodies, with bigger views of the destiny of mankind, a broader outlook on the world, and greater strength of conviction and action. They will change things, it is certain, and the world we know is not going to be the world of the next generation.

"The laborer will demand a bigger share of life's profit, and I think he will get it. Men will recognize frankly and absolutely the equality of women, and it won't be altogether pleasant for the men. There will be a keener striving for progress in the material ways of life, as well as in the arts of life. There will be greater boldness in the handling of big problems, like the relation between capital and labor, and the development of state organization. It will be very unpleasant in some countries, like England for old-fashioned people with wealth and land and old traditions which they desire to keep undisturbed."

In setting forth the brutalizing effect of the war, Mr. Gibbs gives this story:

"There was an English lawyer in Flanders in 1915 whose pleasure it was to creep out at night into No Man's Land close to the German line, and, pretending to be a dead body, wait for an enemy to show himself. Sometimes a man would crawl out to drag in a dead comrade, and then the English lawyer—a highly intellectual and educated gentleman—would raise himself an inch or two with his rifle and lay out the living man beside the dead one. Sometimes a small party of Germans would creep out a little way to mend their wire, and the lawyer would bet two or three shots, and every shot meant a dead man, whose number he nicked off by a notch in the butt-end of his rifle. By day this officer was silent, moody, restless. He lived for the nights, when he could hunt alone. He was back in the primitive age of life—three thousand years back from 1915.

"There were other men like him, with a real pleasure in the killing side of the business."

In his article Mr. Gibbs tells of the bitterness often shown toward the people at home while the war was in progress:

"Men who came back to England, on seven days' leave from France and Flanders, strolled up Piccadilly and saw a tide of motor cars driving by with well-dressed people laughing and chatting inside them, and looked through the swing doors of big hotels and saw pretty women in evening dress flirting with men in 'boiled shirts,' and saw queues outside the theatres and music halls and said: 'Eng-

land doesn't care a damn for us. We may die to the last man and they will still amuse themselves. We are being sacrificed for the selfishness of those rich, idle swine. If we get out legs blown off they will dole us out a few pounds and then forget us, and hate to see our maimed bodies about the streets.'"

Mr. Gibbs' judgment is that in the main these criticisms were not well founded—that much of the gayety was a mask of courage put on for the sake of the men on leave and for the common effect mentally.

These things are cited in order to indicate what may be expected to happen if there is not a determined effort on the part of the people at the head of affairs to see to it that everybody has a square deal henceforth in British life. In a word: Men are going to ride rough-shod against obstructions and obstructionists. And many of the men who "saw red" over in France will see red again—in the days that ought to be peaceful days.

REGENERATION AND RECONSTRUCTION.

**The Presbyterian General Assembly Annual Sermon
Given May 15, 1919, in St. Louis, by the Rev.**

Dr. J. Frank Smith, the Retiring Moderator.

Text: "Ye must be born anew." John 3:7.

Our century opened with the stage set for a tragedy. We had thought too long in terms of war for the catastrophe to be averted. Mankind had played too fondly with powder for some fool not to strike the match, and Mars had been wooed too tenderly not to answer "Yes."

Finally the adverse hour struck the shuddering world, and myriads of dreams, holy faiths, humiliated prophets, and national civilizations waned, while love and justice were slain in the house of their friends. The scenario continued till the times, all out of joint, did not reveal whether they moved toward the sunset of humanity behind a blood bank, or a coming day in which the races would forsake the fetich of falsehood about the glory of war.

The kaleidoscope reveals facts which burn like scoria into the heart. We feel first the human wreckage. Fifty-nine millions of men were mobilized, of whom eight million are dead, eighteen millions wounded, six millions being permanent wrecks, seven millions were blown to pieces buried dead or alive, or were prisoners to be worked or starved to death; nine millions of civilians, babies, women, the aged, have been murdered, starved, slain by disease, and all because a mad German dreamed! Only God can judge and make naked the shame of that wild plunger at the throat of mankind from which forty-two millions, in each of whom Christ suffered, were scrapped.

The beggary of the nations grips us next. Man is the only creature to spend treasure for an ideal. Our Federal Reserve Board on the first of May, 1919, put the cost of the war at one hundred and

seventy-five billions, of which one hundred and fifty billions were borrowed. When the war came the seven greatest nations involved were paying an interest of a billion dollars annually on their national debt. At the end of four years they were paying ten billions, and still the principal and interest soar, and the burden on the backs of the people grows.

America for this war has spent as much as on all other governmental enterprises since the Declaration of Independence. Germany's debt is two-fifths of her wealth and her former allies are bankrupt. Sweat, blood, debt, death, are the grist which the mills of God grind for those who woo war. The righteous wrath of every nation hereafter should crush millionaire, generalissimo or emperor, as a rat or a serpent, when he incites war.

The break-up of the moral foundations appalls next. The fiber of character has disintegral, blindness has fallen. Political adventurers, educated pagans and partisan puppets flourish, damn without benefit of church or clergy the friends of righteousness, punch the "not" out of nine of the Ten Commandments, and write it into the lone positive law. Marriage, property, character, God and eternity are taboo. Unbridled license and lust for power appear in every kingdom and republic.

Germany made of God a tribal monster, a weaker twin of the Emperor; Russia, a frozen image, scandalized by patriarch and priest and prince; France and Italy eliminated him; England named him reverently and then got drunk; America put him on her coins while some of her citizens preached militarism like Germans, practiced racial hate, and encouraged class-consciousness.

Thus morals were undermined, society was shaken, the faithful were bewildered, and began asking, "Has religion failed?"

Bankrupt and blown up in part, how now are we going to gather up the fragments of a broken world. How can we save and rekindle the flame on the altar of heart and home? Bring nearer that kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost? There is but one answer: Regeneration for Reconstruction.

I. Regeneration For Business.—Our financial life must be radically changed. Money itself is non-moral, is as incapable of religion as a tadpole or toad. Named "Filthy Lucre," it frightens no worse the orthodox than the heretic. Called "tainted by the hyperethical, no hand seems afraid to dig deep into its coffers and take the risk of infection. Denounced by press and prophet, money is still monarch, ruling republics, continents, hemispheres. It makes art subservient, makes literary genius sell its gifts, leads statesmen to become pork-barrel politicians, and puts eloquence, wit and wisdom on the auction block.

Regeneration is needed to change money-making into something sacred. God owns the wealth, gives us the power to get it, asks its sacred use, and calls for the talent that organizes the forces for the world's enrichment. He made Abraham, Jacob,

David and Solomon rich as Croesus and found a place for Joseph of Arimathea. Some of these were gnarled, but God does not always take time to grow an ideal man. He can raise a gourd in a few hours, but he has produced just one perfect being. Not having perfect, he must use imperfect financial princes to put their credit and their coin at his service in the world's neediest hour. The time makes this imperative.

Would it not be magnificent to see money converted and crowding into the kingdom; magnificent to see our Presbyterian business men, whose beneficence has advanced education, art and government, so changed by God's grace that the criticism attaching to big business would be dropped, and the democracy of the rich and the poor be solidified and safeguarded.

Regeneration is needed to establish the partnership of God in business. How few of us know the sacredness of money! One of our most noted Presbyterian preachers, whose name is a household word, admitted the past year that he had neglected stewardship. This is a national sin. In the face of the world afire last year, Americans burned up thirty millions of cigarettes. England, during the war, consumed five billions of dollars's worth of liquor. We can not endure the stinging conscience of today, expect the larger life and the richer experience, face the needy world at the "great white throne," if we use the major part of our possessions to burn incense on the altar of selfishness. We can not expect a very large patch of heaven while growing a large patch of hell. We must invite the presidency of the Holy Spirit over our wealth, make God the senior member of the firm always. We must be like Cobb, the Boston merchant, who years ago drew up, and then lived up to, this covenant:

"By the grace of God I will give one-fourth of the than fifty thousand dollars.

"By the grace of God will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.

"If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; if I am ever worth thirty thousand dollars I will give three-fourths; and the whole after fifty thousand dollars. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward, and set me aside."

He gave away an increasing ratio annually, amassed a fortune, and died like a hero blessed of man and God.

Regeneration is needed to assuage our fever for money. Deadlier than battles is this uncontrolled burning, enemy of man and God is this pagan passion.

Virgil sang of the accursed hunger for gold; James wrote of its rust eating the flesh as fire; the Greeks recognized its fascination in the story of the golden apples.

In Chaucer three brothers sought death, and went forth into a great wood to find the specter. They came upon a great heap of gold. Two were

left to guard the treasure while a third returned for means to carry it away. The brothers on watch planned the death of the other, so that the gold might belong to them. The lone man who went for the wagon carried back a bottle of poisoned wine that he might therewith slay his mother's sons, that he might have himself all the treasure. When he came near he was killed by the brothers on guard, who then took the bottle of wine, drank it, and perished.

The mists that mantle mankind doubtless hide innumerable dead slain by the love of money. Friendship, joy, peace, innocence, conscience, character, vision, virtue and soul all murdered by money.

Christianity must change all this. Only the One mighty to save can cure. Only Calvary can consume the baser metal in us, slay utterly, bring in the new creation. Oh, heavenly winds, blow through us from eternity that the miasma of Mammon may be wafted forever from the fields of Christian experience.

II. Regeneration for breadth. Mind is the kingdom of man and Christianity must change if it would count in the reconstruction of the world. Money, magnetism, mentality, all the other valuable assets, are minors in comparison with the solid workmanship of God here. The spirit of the Highest rebuilding, refurnishing, refining, regenerating, reigning in the thought processes, saves for the new order. The more complete the change, the greater will be the hope of our ultimate victory.

This mental birth will mean a freer seeking after the truth. The coming of life means growth. The twice-born will not hug the earth, but hunt the heavens. Savonarola in the dark age tells us how he sought.

He did as ancient Augustine, asked the earth, "Art thou my God?" The earth answered, "Thales is deceived, I am not thy God." "I questioned the air, and the air replied, 'Thou must go higher.' I questioned the heavens, the stars and the sun, and all made reply, 'He that created us from nothing, he is thy God; he filleth heaven and earth. He dwelleth in thy heart. Thus, O Lord, I have sought thee afar and thou wert near. I asked of the eyes whether thou hadst entered through them, but they answered they only knew colors. I asked of my ear, and it answered that it only knew sound. Wherefore the senses knew thee not, O Lord! Thou hast entered into my soul, thou dwellest in my heart, and workest in me when I do deeds of charity.'"

Luther sought the Lord freely. When finally he found him in his fullness, he followed him despite the voice of the Church and the empire of that hour. Though it meant possible death, the brave monk cried: "Here I stand, I can not do otherwise; Lord, help me."

Into the fields of discovery these heroes of the faith went blazing new trails, forging implements

of freedom, making sure to us the same deathless right to seek and follow God.

III. Regeneration for the brotherhood of service. Brotherhood is the dynamite that is to shiver finally the aristocracy, the privilege, the exclusiveness of the world. It is the misery mill for every one who will not recognize it, and the foe of caste, bourbonism, autocracy.

Listen to the distant voices of the early Church. How modern they seem!

Clement, of Alexandria, said: "No man is a slave by nature."

Chrysostom said: "God, who created the first beings free and equal, never created any slaves to serve them." Again, he said: "Thou sayest thy father is consul and thy mother is holy and good. What does it matter to me? Show me thy own life for it is only by that I can be able to judge of thy nobility."

Tertullian wrote: "The world is a vast republic, a good family of God's children."

Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, said: "What injustice is there, you ask, in my diligently preserving my own so long as I do not invade the property of others? Shameless saying! My own! From what secured place hast thou brought it into the world? Thou hast received the gifts of God. Thinkest thou that thou committest no injustice in keeping for thyself alone what would be the means of life to many? It is the bread of the hungry that thou keepest; it is the clothing of the naked thou lockest up; the money thou buriest is the redemption of the wretched."

Suppose the modern church practiced what the ancient church taught.

1. We would know conditions. We would demand the truth. We would refuse to be swine toll-ed along by the few grains dropped by the hands of the owners, to be gulled and made food for gunpowder by ambitious princelings to be appealed to by partisan hirelings, refuse to live in a world where there is wrong we can right, without doing it. We would see that a new age has come in which wealth in capital, brain and brawn is coming together and about the council boards is settling differences and planning by enlightened reason for the new humanity. Those who refuse to see that the new brotherhood is battering down the division lines will yet meet many a shock.

2. We would know the spirit of love for man. The founder of our faith loved him, risked his whole world program in the hands of publicans and sinners.

3. We would know how to bleed in order to bless, how to die in order to save. Christ meant for us to know this, but we have not always practiced what we knew, not been willing to be grains of wheat falling into the ground, not gone like blessed martyrs to take up our cross. That is the matter with the Christian world today. It does not practice brotherhood, though now and then we see gleams of it.

I have tried this year to study the Church's needs. I believe we want a deeper work of grace after the orgy of the years. Business must be converted; breadth of vision must know no limitation but truth; brotherhood must be like that of Mary's son. From the world where children and men and women toil and sin and perish; from centers where laughter and song hide the shame which lurks in human souls void of the faith; from places where burning ambition never satisfies, and growing wealth never reaches dimensions sufficient to make happy; from the marts of mankind extending themselves to the limits of creation, is the divinest call to the divinest task. Will we have compassion on the multitudes?

Shut up on the island of Lobau in the Danube, Napoleon and his army were imperiled. Calmly that master and genius summoned his legions from various quarters. They came. Wagram's victory beat Austria and established more firmly the power of the "little corporal."

The Christian Church faces the new world today. It should summon the new culture and the old; the new democracy and brotherhood; its presses and its great centers of learning, honored in the past, but neglected now for dimmer suns and unsteadier stars; above all, it should summon all the truth, and the eternal Spirit, who without human might or power is able to work the miracles of conquest, and then go forth victory.

Regeneration of the vital centers of being and life is the hope for the reconstruction of the world.

LOGGING CAMPS OF THE PACIFIC NORTH WEST.

By Worth M. Tippy, Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches.

(The Rev. Dr. Worth M. Tippy, one of the secretaries of the Federal Council of Churches was detailed last year by the Council to make a study of the conditions and industrial unrest in the lumber camps of the Pacific Northwest. The article given here does not present Dr. Tippy's findings on the industrial problem, but relates merely to the work the church is called to do in those logging camps with the aim to influence both present and future conditions.—Editor)

The logging camps constitute a highly specialized problem. While related to more normal communities in the larger mill centers and in the growing agricultural areas which follow the cutting of the forests, the logging camps are isolated communities, consisting largely of men, hidden away in the edge of the forests, and moving forward into them at the rate of about three miles a year. Not less than twenty-five thousand and not more than forty thousand men are engaged in strictly logging operations. Associated with them are possibly as many more women and children, and men connected with the operations. The big mill centers constitute a different and distinct problem.

The camps constitute a specialized problem also

in the fact that they are centers of an extremely radical social sentiment and propaganda. The loggers are almost solidly radical and overwhelmingly I. W. W. in convictions. In two camps where I was able to get definite information, fifty per cent held I. W. W. red cards in the one, and eighty per cent in the other. The men are indoctrinated with the ideas of the Revolution. They look upon the ministers as parasites. They hold that the churches are capitalistic and that there will be no Church in the Revolution. They are uncompromising in their hostility to the present ownership and operation of the lumber industry.

The hostility which exists between the companies and their men in the lumber industry has also created acute divisions of opinion in the communities of the area, and has brought about a situation fraught with great danger not alone to the industry but to the public safety. It could easily become violently revolutionary under conditions of unemployment, or of industrial struggle and a general strike. Under present conditions it is costly, disturbing and constantly menacing.

The Church faces therefore a rare opportunity not only for religious work, strictly so-called, but for public service to the people of an area and through them to the nation. I am convinced that if we are willing to throw ourselves between the groups, and if we can do so with courage and wisdom, we can bring to bear the spirit and point of view of Christ, and that we can profoundly influence present and future conditions.

For the Church to attack this problem with its familiar methods, and to attempt to set up its standardized organization, would be the height of un wisdom. It is one of those specialized problems, of which America has many, which demands of the Church capacity for elastic adjustment and powerful united action, suited to the conditions involved.

The recommendations which follow are based upon these convictions. They were worked out on the field with representatives of the churches, and after conferences with managers and loggers, and represent in principle, although not in details, a common point of view.

The plan of the logging evangelist is ineffective and should be abandoned and in its place should be substituted one man to a logging operation. The logging evangelist never had a chance to do good work because of his infrequent visits. What is needed is intensive work in each logging operation. The organization of the industry by these separate logging operations is favorable to such assignments.

Instead of logging pastors, we should send in ministers who should be designated as Industrial Chaplains, with a status in the industry very much like that of a chaplain in the army, which should include recognition of his rights and duties by the company and likewise by the men. This will need to be negotiated separately with each company and with the men of each operation.

It is all but universally recognized that the chaplain or minister should not be an employe of the company, and that he should not be officially related to the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. It is better that he should represent strictly the boards of home missions. They should finance his operations for at least the first year, and monies contributed either by the companies or by the men should go to the supporting boards. These restrictions will tend to give him an impartial and independent position which in the present controversial state of industry is highly important.

It will be necessary to secure a special body of men for this service. In addition to their other qualifications they should know social questions, both by study and experience, and they should be men of rare poise and capacity. They should have that human love and sympathy which will make them real pastors of these turbulent personalities. It is better to send in chaplains only as fast as such men can be discovered.

If a chaplain does not succeed in a given operation, he should be removed as quickly as possible, either by transfer to another operation, or entirely out of the woods to some other field of service. He will have to be placed on a basis of efficiency with the other men in the industry. For him to remain when he cannot succeed, would be demoralizing.

The Industrial Chaplain should reside at the center of the industry, where a cottage should be provided for him. This will necessarily be on company land, and might be provided by the companies without serious disadvantage.

The chaplain should visit each camp two or three times a week, the oftener the better. His work will be mainly of evenings.

He should give the men in the bunk houses one evening of moving pictures, followed by a class in English and Americanization or some other useful service. This will relieve the loneliness of the forests and the long evenings. It can be made highly educational as well as entertaining and can enter into any fields which the chaplain and the men desire. There can also be singing, prayer, or anything else which seems opportune.

Another evening should be given to a discussion of religious and social questions. There should be entire freedom, and the minister himself should direct the discussion by the socratic method.

The present suppression of free discussion in the camps is ineffective. At the same time it is forcing a one sided and fanatical social propaganda. The lid should be lifted and light thrown in. The men should be brought to see that there are various methods of social reconstruction, and every solution proposed should go through the fire of criticism.

The men should also discuss the problems of religion under the guidance of the chaplain; also ethical problems, like sabotage, efficient work, the length of the working day; also national and world problems, such as the control of venereal infections

and the League of Nations. Capable speakers should be sent to the camps to talk to the men, and the men should have entire freedom of questions and discussions.

It may be possible after a while to have more formal religious services on Sunday, in the dining rooms or recreation rooms of the outlying camps, especially if it is possible to employ singing and instruments. If the men come to trust the chaplain he can do finally almost anything he thinks advisable. At any rate he can put these religious features into his picture nights and discussion groups, if he acts with due respect to the desires of the men.

In the community which constitutes the center of the logging operation, the chaplain will have families, with women and children, under his care. In this center, after he has established himself, he can introduce regular worship, Sunday schools, clubs for boys and girls and social life for the young people. If these can be made attractive, they will draw men from the outlying camps on Sundays. He will also have specialized problems, like the Japanese quarter at Snoqualmie Falls, and the nearby ranchers at Concrete.

The status of the chaplain should also make it possible for him to go about the camps looking after the welfare of the men, with authority to report and secure minor changes. If, as at the Saginaw Timber Company's operation, he can be allowed to bring representatives of the men and the company into stated monthly conferences, he will have large power for good. The harder he works and the more practical what he does, so as to prove that he is not a parasite, the better.

The chaplain will need money for equipment. In most camps he should have an inexpensive automobile, moving picture machine and money for books, periodicals, magazines and games. Much of the cost of this equipment will come back from the men and the company but it will need to be provided in the first instance.

As a rule there is no need of investing money in buildings. Bunk houses, dining rooms and recreation rooms are available in the camps. In the center of the operation, especially where there is a big mill as at Snoqualmie Falls, it is much better to use the community buildings or club buildings. This makes the church a real part of the community and not something on the side, and it releases money for personnel, which is the main issue.

The number of chaplains required to provide for the logging industry in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Western Montana, which constitutes an industrial unity, cannot be far short of one hundred, but this can only be determined by survey. This survey should be made as fast as the field can be occupied, and not at the present time and all at once. It should be made by the men engaged in the work, and not by separate surveyors. Its main problem will be to lay out definite operations or parishes for the industrial chaplains.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America has had responsibility for a number of years for this area and it has not been able to develop the field. The consensus of opinion on the coast, including that of the Presbyterian Church, is that it is impossible for one denomination to meet so large a problem and that the area should be reassigned. I think that this should be done on the field, and not in New York, in a conference of several days duration, in which the whole problem of the camps and the methods to be pursued are worked out. The Presbyterian Church, because of its prior assignment, should be given such territory as it can develop intensively; and the section assigned to any one board, should be subject to revision according to the later proved ability of the board to successfully develop the work which it has undertaken.

It is of primary importance that the boards should work unitedly in the logging camps. If they work independently, they are almost sure to lose their opportunity. They will not be able to exert a commanding influence upon the industry because they will be divided and the work will lack uniformity.

IN DIXIE.

C. N. Queen.

In Dixie I was born, bread and buttered; but when eighteen I was inveigled into Ohio and ever since my experiences have been in the North and West until two years ago I came to Georgia, where more blue violets grow to the square mile than anywhere this side of heaven, and where human needs are as abundant as may be found possible. All this while I have been closely linked with the interests of Piedmont College at Demorest and the Atlanta Theological Seminary; but almost from the beginning being on the Home Missionary committee of the State of Georgia, has given me a personal touch with the churches and pastors. The South furnishes peculiar problems and human interests of unique nature. One can't help liking the people and the work. As Edwin Arnold said of pancakes in Chicago, the climate down this way "is not nearly so nasty as it looks." Whatever the future may bring, I am glad for the experiences enjoyed to the present.

The Atlanta Theological Seminary has been in a transitional state for two years; but there is a notion that it has come to a new birth. With commencement in the early part of May the trustees found a new executive head in the person of Frank R. Shipman of Andover, Mass. Up to two years ago Mr. Shipman served on the faculty for six years. He is recalled by the trustees with not only unanimity but enthusiasm to become its president, and has entered upon his duties to the joy and delight of those who know him in the South. He begins with things definitely in mind to do. He starts forth to raise money, to secure a larger student body, to raise the standards of the institution and to create a larger constituency and friendship. Will he succeed? Let us hope that he may; for the

seminary is a strategic institution not only in Congregationalism in the South, but in the work of the kingdom in Dixie and the wider world. Dr. Jenkins, who may be called the father of the seminary, believes the seminary to be the biggest opportunity for the denomination in the South. Perhaps it is; but whether so or not, it is big enough to command the interest and attention of the whole American Congregational hosts. The mission of the denomination in this southland can only be made a reality in and through such an institution—in the South!

The South craves the friendship and fellowship of the Pacific Coast churches. Down in Dixie there are "sums to cipher" which are difficult, often vexing, and call for broad sympathy, the commanding interest and attention of the church relationship from Puget Sound to San Diego and clear on to Portland, Maine. So I am directing this note to The Pacific with the hope that Dixie may catch the eye, the sympathy, and the engaging attention of its readers.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROBLEM IN PILGRIM CHURCH, POMONA.

By W. N. Burr.

William B. Forbush has cracked some of the hard shells of The Boy Problem, and Margaret Slattery is dealing in a similar manner with The Girl Problem; but who is equal to the Young People's Problem? We once thought that Francis E. Clark was The Prophet of the Young People, and some of us are still very sure that he "was", but is he at this time in the history of young people's work? "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and cherished methods that were workable in a former day and generation may not be quite equal to the demands of a later period. With the air vibrant with "New Era" thrills and slogans it may not be thought strange if our young people, catching the "forward, march!" spirit of these great conquest days, attempt to express themselves in terms that seem to them more red-blooded than those which were inspiring to the Christian youth of a former day. The generation now upon the stage is a restless, frisky sort—less thoughtful than its immediate predecessors? Some there are among us who think so, but probably there are in the ranks of the present contingent of young people just as many Forbushes and Slatterys, and boys that become Presidents of the United States and girls who hitch their wagons to the Frances Willard stars, as ever have been in any day the world has seen. Under what sort of banner may the New Era young people rally that they may do their best work in this day of world reconstruction?

Perhaps the Christian Endeavor methods modified a bit to suit the spirit of the times are as good as any, taken in a general way. But in certain particulars the Endeavor Society does seem to some of us to quite meet the present need; and it is not at all easy for us to be making that acknowledgment,

for the days behind us are marked my many uplifts that Christian Endeavor has brought into our lives, and along its pathway we have led enthusiastic groups of young people toward the mark or the prize of their highest calling. But for some reason the "Christian Endeavor topics" do not seem, many of them, to grip the mind of the youth of the Church as they once did, and in some quarters the Society appears to have taken upon itself the authority of an independent institution, a bit inclined to command the Church rather than to serve it in accordance with the spirit of the well-known Endeavor motto. Then, too, some groups of young people cannot be held together or any special lack of the spirit of Christian earnestness, but because of a fire of Christian appeal in their bones that is of a somewhat different sort than that which flames in ordinary Christian Endeavor service.

Pilgrim Church, Pomona, is experimenting with the Young People's Problem. The pressure for such an attempt was not the dictation of pastor or church officers, but it was forced by conditions in the young people's work of the church. The common charge that failure in the Endeavor Society is largely due to lack of interest on the part of the pastor could not be made in this case. In spite of pastoral oversight the Senior Endeavor Society weakened until the "mere handful" of the faithful who were keeping the breath of life in the poor little society were forced to cry "We can hold out no longer along the old lines. Unless we can break out into pastures new we shall feel compelled to disband."

Then the pastor called to his study a group composed partly of "older young people" who had for some time been listing themselves as "Christian Endeavor graduates," and laid the matter before them. As a result of two or three of these conferences "The Young People's Circle of Pilgrim Church" has taken the place of the Senior Christian Endeavor Society. The plan is not wholly original with the Pilgrim Church workers, and probably it will require modifications from time to time; but after a three-months' trial it has proved to be much more satisfactory as a devotional as well as social medium than its predecessor had been for many months.

The young people gather in the gymnasium at 6:00 o'clock on Sunday evenings for a forty-minutes' social period at which time light refreshments are usually served. Sometimes the entire company gathers about the piano for a "sing." Sometimes the young people gather here and there about the room in groups and enjoy themselves in wholesome social fashion. They are largely left to themselves during this period, with no set social program. The pastors drop in as they have opportunity, and some of the "older young people," a number of them teachers in the public schools, are always present, mingling familiarly with the company.

A devotional period of forty minutes follows the

social period. Instead of a different leader every week each leader serves for one month. The first two months of the high school teachers had charge of this period. Thus far the topics for discussion have been arranged by the pastor. The following is a sample list:

May 4.—Making My Life Worth While:

By making right choices.

By persisting even through difficulties.

Give examples of persons who made their lives worth while.

May 11.—The Latest and Best News:

Bring some item bearing on world betterment.

Ask the pastors or teachers in the Bible School, or the City Librarian.

Consult religious and missionary literature.

May 18.—As Young People we might make our lives more worth while:

To young people in Pilgrim Church and those not in any church by our cordiality; by worthy lives.

Each might win one into Christian life.

We might plan a great program for young people.

May 25.—A Speaker worth hearing. Announcement later.

The Circle has drawn to its support a goodly number of the young people of the Church to whom the Endeavor Society did not appeal. But Pilgrim Church has not wholly dropped the Endeavor work from its activities. There is a younger group which forms the Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society that is doing good work under an efficient Superintendent. In their meetings they do not follow very closely, however, the Christian Endeavor topics.

"THE RELIGION OF A PERPLEXED MIND."

"The Religion of a Perplexed Mind" was the subject of a recent sermon by the Rev. T. T. Giffen of the First Congregational Church of Fresno. After mentioning some of the great present-day problems and the general perplexity thereon Mr. Giffen remarked: "In this perplexity there is hope. If we can be sure that everybody is thinking enough so that he is frankly puzzled, then we may expect some adequate solution of the problem. In the course of his sermon Mr. Giffen said: "In this day of problems and perplexities, religion as well as statesmanship and business has its large place. In that connection he said: "The function of the prophet of religion is to summon men to a faith in God. This does not mean the acceptance of a theological creed, but a vital living faith in a God who is here in the world and who has to do with human problems. We need to believe in a God whose increasing purpose runs through the ages—a God who is great enough to take up into his plan and use for his ultimate purpose the sorrows, hopes, tragedies, sins, failures, victories, perplexities, ideals of this imperfect human race. Our faith is in a God who uses our imperfect efforts at virtue, our blundering guests for good in the building of his kingdom of righteousness. The God we believe

in is not one who heals our diseases and solves all our problems and resolves all our difficulties. Rather does he bid us use our own minds for the healing of our own diseases, the solving of our own problems, the resolution of our own difficulties.

"We need to believe in a God who has some great task for every person and every church and every nation—a task that actually contributes to the furtherance of the divine plan; and the task we believe God has for every person is not the saving of his own soul or the building of his own character, but the redemption of the world; and the great work he has for the church and state is something greater than to build themselves strong. It is to minister to the larger life and peace of the race."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Dr. S. Hall Young, the pioneer missionary in Alaska, is raising money in the East to establish an aerial missionary route in Alaska.



The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle reports a membership of 6,415. Inasmuch as the auditorium of the church will accommodate only 2,500 persons, a frequent question might well be, "Where are the nine?"



The Summer Session of the University of California will begin on the 30th of June and will continue to August 9th. The first Summer Session was held in 1900. In 1918 there were two terms of six weeks each. In the first term the enrollment was 3,479; in the second it was 594. Of the number enrolled the first term 723 came from States other than California, 41 being from foreign countries. There were 1,705 teachers. In the Los Angeles division there was an enrollment of 630. The success of the experiment at Los Angeles last year led the board of regents to arrange for another session this year. It will be held in the Los Angeles State Normal School buildings. The tuition fee in both places will be \$20, regardless of the number of courses taken.



Mr. J. C. Rowell, one of the sons of the late Chaplain Rowell of the San Francisco Port Society, having reached the age of retirement as Librarian at the University of California, has been made Librarian Emeritus and University Archivist. Mr. Rowell has served as University Librarian for forty-three years, having been appointed to that position the year after his graduation. The first year after graduation he was secretary to the president, Dr. Gilman, and lecturer on English History. Soon after his selection as Librarian, Mr. Rowell spent six months in the East studying the library systems in the leading universities and colleges; and then entered on the work in the University of California which he has carried on in a highly creditable manner all these years. Mr. Rowell was born in Panama where Chaplain Rowell labored for eight or nine years before coming to San Francisco and entering on his memorable work here. The successor to Mr. Rowell as University Librarian is Mr. H. L. Leupp, formerly Associate Librarian.

In a letter in the Christian Register the pastor of the Unitarian church at Palo Alto states: "We have had quite a little flurry here in Palo Alto, as in several other communities over plans for church unity. There is already, and has been for a year and more, much genuine fellowship among the seven ministers. But, going beyond this admirable unity of the spirit, attempts have been made recently to combine Sunday schools into a union school, and also to hold a union service every Sunday evening. The intention is good, but one of my brother ministers declared to me strongly the other day his firm belief in the so-called substitutionary atonement theory; and another one I heard set forth as authentic history the devastating effects of the ram's horn trumpets around the walls of Jericho. So, I fear, that a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School will not be able to co-operate very closely save in spirit, for the present at least, with his friendly brother ministers."



The Standard, a Baptist publication, of Chicago, remarks: "We never knew until the other day why the East is so conservative and the Pacific Coast so progressive. (We are not speaking of theology). It is due to the mountains. The Cascades, geologically speaking, are the latest thing in mountains. Compared with the Appalachians, they are several trillion years younger. Mt. Hood or Mt. Ranier are recent immigrants to America—the mountains of the Appalachian range, on the other hand, came over in the Mayflower and can trace their genealogy back to the time of Alfred the Great. It is not to be wondered at that some good old deacon back in New York or Pennsylvania gravely shakes his head and solemnly declares, 'We have never done it this way before in our church.' Don't blame him. He can't help it. It's the mountains. He is unconsciously influenced by his environment. Conservatism is a mark of age. The phrase, 'old as the hills,' has some significance as applied to the mountains along the Atlantic Coast, but if the Appalachians could talk, we are sure that they would think of the Cascades as 'young upstarts.' Like mountains, like men."



"If we are seeking for sub-titles for 'The New Testament,' not the least appropriate would be 'The Book of Spiritual Unity,'" writes Professor John Wright Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion, in an article in the Methodist Quarterly Review. "While its main theme is Jesus Christ, and its principal teaching the Way of Life, it reveals as no other book does the nature of spiritual unity and the way to reach and maintain it." Professor Buckham shows how manifest this spirit was in Jesus himself and how he sought both by precept and example to promote and preserve it. "How thoroughly the Master succeeded in infusing it into his disciples is clearly reflected in the Book of Acts." That community of goods pictured in the second chapter Professor Buckham writes of as "an idyl of harmony and brotherly love" known nowhere else "in the annals of our poor, disrupted human race." Taking up the Pauline and other epistles, Professor

Buckham finds the emphasis to be on oneness and brotherhood. In the second chapter of Philipians is found what he calls "one of Paul's most pressing and tender appeals for unity." "It culminates in the moving picture of the self-emptying Christ. This was given not for a theological but for a practical purpose—to inspire to sacrificial, Christlike service." The First Epistle to the Corinthians is held to be the Magna Charta of Christian Unity. And finally, "as disclosed in its fresh fontal sources Christianity is inherently and incomparably a religion of unity."



Speaking recently in San Diego on "The Vital Principles of Reconstruction," Madame Katherine Tingley dwelt on Altruism as the key-note of conduct, saying: "We must rise to a condition of mind that will give us a substitute for desire and selfishness and for materialism and greed. If we fail to do this and attempt to go on as we are now going, we shall find that the growing forces of evil that are coming to the surface all the time, new aspects of crimes and brutality, destruction of homes and nations, will increase so rapidly that within a year or two we shall not have time for any discussion." Speaking as a Theosophist, Madame Tingley said then: "There is one key which Theosophy gives. (The Pacific believes that Christianity gives the same) and that is self-control." Asking how is it possible to accentuate our lives in noble acts on the basis of desire, she said then: "We must gain a quality of trust and self-control and thus mark the line between the spiritual and the animal in man. We must bring home to ourselves the knowledge of just how far we have let the animal govern in our lives without realizing it, or how far we have followed the path of right actions so nobly and so daringly that we would be willing to have the searchlight of the world turned on our lives. These two forces are within man. He may hold the kingdom of heaven within himself or a hell that exceeds anything ever heard of." Madame Tingley was speaking at a meeting of the Society of Universal Brotherhood, and one remark was: "We must come to consider ourselves so much a part of the world that we will look upon all humanity as one great family."



The Pacific has quoted frequently from the articles by the Rev. Dr. Garrison, Editor Emeritus of The Christian Evangelist, appearing each week in that paper. Dr. Garrison is an intimate friend of our beloved Dr. Campbell of Southern California, and has been residing at Claremont for several years. In the Christian Evangelist for May 22 Dr. Garrison had the following autobiographical note: "Some of our readers may not know that the Easy Chair Editor began his churchly career as a member of the Baptist Church. He was reared in a Baptist home, the father and mother and the older members being loyal members of that body. He was converted and made a profession of religion at a

Methodist camp meeting. While not professing to understand their theology, he was convinced that he was a sinner and needed Jesus Christ for a Savior and Friend. He wanted to accept him as such. Our Methodist brethren of that day had no definite road to point out but prayer; which is a very good one as far as it goes. A great deal of confidence was placed in the feelings. Hence, sometimes he thought he was converted, then again he had his doubts. He went home after the camp meeting in that frame of mind, praying all the way, before meeting his mother that all his doubts might be overcome, but he was compelled to confess to his mother, when she congratulated him on his conversion, of his uncertainty. She told him to go right forward, be baptized, join the church, do his Christian duty and all doubts would vanish. He found it very much as his mother prophesied. Blessed is the man that has had such a mother. I feel grateful to the Methodists for persuading me to be a Christian, and to the Baptists for giving me such godly devoted parents, and for graciously receiving one without a brilliant experience at the tender age of fourteen or fifteen. It was in a college, into which he came by a strange providence after the war that he first learned of the religious movement inaugurated by the Campbells."



The Rev. George H. DeKay tells in an article in the Y. M. C. A. Monthly of some of the boys met by him on the transports: "Whose boys are they? They are from every walk of life, the great middle class predominating and mostly from the farms of the interior. Climbing into the forward crow's nest one day I found there a common seaman who had been superintendent of streets in a well known California city. His bunkies did not know it, but that city was paying him \$75 a month while on leave of absence in service. On another ship a common seaman, sharing all the work and discomforts of his mates, when he goes ashore travels on his passes as assistant auditor of a large railroad system. One morning watching the great masses of clouds that form in the east, looking for all the world like mountains in the dim light, a boy startled me by asking how I'd like to see the sun rise over old Half Dome. He had been raised within the shadows of Yosemite Valley. Two Jewish boys I knew had been traveling salesmen. One man off 'the big fellow,' as they call the Leviathan, told me how much more at home he was in the saddle than anywhere else, and of the months at a time when he slept out in the open of Montana or Alberta. He had slept on the ground as often as in bed. But as we ate our Christmas dinner together in one of the finest restaurants of the city I soon saw that he was very much at ease. Some college men are among the crew." Mr. DeKay writes further: "To me one of the greatest sacrifices of the whole war is that made by boys who left home in the middle of high school courses. One hundred and seventy-five such boys left the high school of one Pacific Coast city to enter the navy and four

hundred men from one of our western universities enlisted in the marines. When I began work as transport secretary, one of my own boys sent me a message: 'Dad, don't forget the boys of the crew.' After months of experience, I can say that any man who does forget the crew, thinking only of the soldiers, will lose from his life some of the richest and finest experiences."



In a letter telling of the great interest manifested in the work of the Union Kindergarten Training School in Foochow, Miss Bertha H. Allen, the W. B. M. P. representative, writes about a garden planting: "The little new boy, who a few days before had screamed for half an hour and had finally been sent home, was one of the most enthusiastic planters; while his bashful older brother offered, of his own accord, to build a stone wall around the plots. Dignified little 'Bright Prosperity,' in his long blue coat, helped hold the watering can, and enjoyed himself thoroughly until he discovered that his hands were wet and dirty. He held them up ruefully for me to see, then calmly pulled out a grimy handkerchief and wiped them off. This last little boy, by the way, was escorted to kindergarten, on his first day, by his grandfather and admiring relatives, only to weep and refuse even to sit in a little chair. The other day it was raining hard; only three of the children came. One of them was 'Bright Prosperity,' carried on his nurse's back. He had arrived an hour and a half early. When questioned, we found that his family were very busy that day; he had overheard that he was not to come to kindergarten, so he got his hat and would have started alone. When his nurse saw how he wanted to come, she brought him early, so she could go back to her other business." Miss Allen states that only one of the children in the kindergarten comes from a Christian home. In that connection she adds: "If you looked in on the kindergarten circle when they were having their morning prayer, their Bible story, or their blessing before eating their mid-morning lunch, you would realize how much Christian teaching must reach the homes through them, for the mothers tell me that the children come home and tell all about what they did. On Sunday afternoon, too, we have an eager little Sunday school, inviting in the children along the street, as well as those in kindergarten. The fond mothers seem as anxious to drink in the stories as the children. We had seventeen children today, with ten onlookers. These prefer to listen to the children's story, rather than to have a class of their own."

MOUNT HERMON FEDERATED SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Oakland and San Francisco and Berkeley and other women are looking forward with great interest to the coming Federated School of Missions, which is to hold its sessions at Mount Hermon, July 5-12. Mrs. A. Rosenberger of Whittier, so well known as an excellent leader of mission class study,

will teach the two text books each forenoon, the text books being "A Crusade of Compassion," by Dr. Belle J. Allen and Caroline Atwater Mason, and "Christian Americanization," by Brooks. The Bible hour will be conducted each forenoon by Dr. Wm. H. Oxtoby of San Francisco Theological Seminary. Dr. Oxtoby will also give a stereopticon lecture one evening during the Federated School of Missions. The denominational rallies will be held Wednesday afternoon, July 9. There will be free stereopticon pictures each evening. One evening there will be a missionary pageant, given by the young people at Mount Hermon. Each Board is requested to have an exhibit of the literature prepared by its denomination on the two new text books. A great and joyful and profitable week is expected. Be sure to come to Mount Hermon July 5-12.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Secretary.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Fred F. Goodsell was chaplain at the University of California graduation day exercises this year.

The Rev. Dr. Aked has declined the call extended by Plymouth Church, Seattle, and he has accepted the one given by First Church, Kansas City.

The Rev. E. O. Thayer, after a year of faithful work with Bethlehem Church, San Francisco has returned to Los Angeles. Mr. Thayer was a good fellowship man while here and will be missed in various ways and places.

The Pacific School of Religion has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the Rev. J. K. Brown, the veteran missionary to Turk'ey, who has been doing splendid field work on the Pacific Coast for several years; and on the Rev. G. W. Hinman, who has been working so efficiently for several years as secretary of the American Missionary Association in the Pacific District.

The Rev. Dr. James L. Gordon, of Washington, D. C., who has been called to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, led all who heard him, on Sunday, June 8, to hope for his acceptance of the call. Dr. Gordon is to be with the church three Sundays. It is thought that he will come to a decision before returning to Washington. But inasmuch as his church in Washington wishes him to remain there and is determined to keep him if possible, San Francisco may not secure him.

Several Congregationalists of prominence in professional life received the degree of LL.D. from the University of California this year: Warren Olney Jr., of the Supreme Court, Professor D. P. Barrows of the University; Ralph P. Merritt, University Comptroller; and should we not add, President Reinhardt of Mills College? If not at the present time a Congregationalist Dr. Reinhardt was in other

years. Readers of The Pacific will recall the article written by the Rev. W. N. Burr last year, reminiscences of one of his Southern California parishes in which some of the younger years of Dr. Reinhardt were lived.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred on the Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach by the Chicago Theological Seminary. In an item chronicling Mr. Booth's call to Chicago to receive the degree the Long Beach Press says: "Mr. Booth has been in Long Beach for twelve years. His pastorate of the Congregational Church has been singularly successful, the organization being now one of the strongest in this section of the state. The new church building at Third street and Cedar avenue is one of the handsomest church structures in Southern California, and is a model of beautiful architecture. It is not alone in routine church affairs that Mr. Booth has been active and influential. He has been one of the leaders in civic progress, was a tireless worker during the war period, has been prominently identified with every liberty loan campaign and the campaigns for other war purposes. In addition, Mr. Booth has been a recognized force as a teacher. His Bible school talks have won for that work a wide popularity and his lectures on current events have interested thousands. Mr. Booth is universally regarded not only as one of the most popular ministers, but as one of the most scholarly men in Long Beach. While modest to a degree, he is one of the most companionable of men. His friends, who are numbered by the thousands, will be more than pleased that this deserved recognition both of his worth and attainments has come to him."

DR. POND AT WORK AGAIN.

Dr. W. C. Pond has so nearly recovered his normal strength, that on Sunday, June 1st, he preached at the Chinese church in Berkeley at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and at the Chinese Congregational Church in this city at 8 o'clock, administering also the Lord's Supper. He had the privilege of baptizing two promising young men and two infant girls—grand daughters of our veteran Christian worker, Dea Chin Quong. Miss Florence Chinn, his only daughter, graduated at Mills College at its recent commencement, having completed in three years the normal work of four years. On last Sunday evening he was with our Chinese Mission in Oakland, preaching and administering the Lord's Supper. The work there is in a better condition than at any time for several years past. Both here and in our mission in Berkeley very definite undertakings are in view for extended and earnest personal evangelism.

Next Sunday he expects to be in Sacramento doing like service in our Chinese Mission. It is expected that three Chinese will be baptized.

"Let nothing be sacred or inviolate but the spirit;
Turn the material over and over;
Build and tear down again."

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The fifty-third graduation services of the Pacific School of Religion were held in Berkeley on Thursday, May 22.

Professor Bade presided—Dr. Nash being in the East.

The scripture reading was by the Rev. Dr. Larkin; prayer by Dr. Brooks; the anniversary address by Dr. Carl S. Patton of Los Angeles; the address to the graduating class, by Professor Buckham; the conferring of degrees, by Dr. Van Horn, who is one of the trustees; the closing prayer by Dr. Frear.

There were five members of the graduating class. Those receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity were: Edwin Percival Baker, Ralph Leslie Johns, John Welter Michel, Vera Helen Lorbeer.

Mr. Baker is a graduate of the University of Virginia; Mr. Johns, of the University of California; Mr. Michel of the Nazarene University in Pasadena; Miss Lorbeer of Pomona College and the Kennedy School of Missions.

Mr. Frederick Conliffe was granted a diploma, the degree of Bachelor of Divinity being conferred only on university or college graduates.

The class hymn, which we give here, was written by Mr. Conliffe:

Afar within the world we hear the call,
Our hearts were troubled with a deep unrest,
We felt the mantle of thy heralds fall,
Knowing ourselves unworthy, Lord, but blest.

Within the chosen cloister we have sought
To link our minds with thine eternal Mind;
To grasp thy will for men; lest knowing naught,
We might become blind leaders of the blind.

Now forth as sowers bearing precious seed
We go to scatter Love where Hate has grown;
To cherish Righteousness by word and deed,
The sowing and the harvest, Lord, thine own.

Not for acclaim or ease or wealth we ask,
But strength of soul that we may do and dare;
For love supreme to meet our holy task,
For faith in thee, O God!—this is our prayer.

Mr. Conliffe was called several weeks ago to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Bay Point and has entered on the work.

Miss Lorbeer expects to go soon to the missionary educational work at Guadalajara, Mexico. She will then be the fourth member of her family at work in mission lands. Lloyd L. Lorbeer, a brother, is principal of the Normal Training School at Parsumalia, India; Floyd, another brother, is a teacher in a government school in Japan; and another, George Lorbeer, has been assigned recently for one year to the Armenian and Syrian Relief Work in Turkey.

Don't beg God to help; accept the help he offers.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

By James D. Eaton.

The place of meeting was the attractive and thriving city of Whittier, which was founded by Friends, and whose streets bear names prominent in the history of that spiritual fellowship. It is the seat of their college for this coast, and of the fare of the community, the nation and the world.

The sessions were held in the beautiful and commodious house of worship of Plymouth Church, beginning on Monday, May 12th, and continuing through the afternoon of Wednesday. By a happy circumstance, the pastor of the entertaining church Rev. Ernest E. Day, had been elected moderator the year before, and had been presiding at the meetings of the Board of Directors ever since; so that we was thoroughly familiar with what most concerned the interests of our churches. He made an admirable presiding officer, alert while sufficiently dignified, ready to interject timely and pleasing remarks, quick to perceive when discussion of motions had continued long enough for people to make up their minds, and yet obtain a unanimous vote in some cases where sentiment had for a while seemed to be divided.

The address of welcome was given by Major Frank P. Wright, a member of our church, who in his well chosen words showed an intelligent interest in the efforts making to secure the highest welfare of the community, the nation and the world.

We had depicted for us the present "Outlook" in three directions, viz: (1) as to Permanent Peace, by Rev. W. O. Wark, who remarked that the Germans had given a demonstration of the horribleness of war, and that in order to prevent a recurrence of this which is occasioned by such things as immoral ideas, cupidity, jealousy and pride, nations must yield something to a central authority: (2) as to Religious Unity, by Dr. E. P. Ryland, who helped to organize the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, who considered the typical case of Gibson County in Kentucky with 168 churches for a population of 40,000, and who gave as the reason for such wasteful and injurious over-churching, "an exaggerated conception of the sacredness of denominationalism;" and (3) as to Spiritual Renewal, by Rev. George M. Morrison, who said, "Life consists of continual renewals, and the new life in Christ keeps on becoming new; fellowship with the living God is refreshment out of the pure river of the water of vitality. We Congregationalists have been sensitive to the new light. We have been so anxious to be correct in our facts to be open to the newly discovered truths, that we have been hesitant and analytical and open-minded, rather than possessed of that tremendousness of assurance which is sometimes bound up with narrowness of vision. We have seen widely quoted of late a criticism of academic and theoretic speech illustrated in the case of a great leader, 'His ad-

dress was like the sermon of a Congregational minister.' Let us clearly understand that lives, even more than ideas, must be renewed; and our message, if it is to have effectiveness, must be characterized by conviction and moving power."

There followed for an hour and a half a lively discussion of Problems and Possibilities in Young People's Work," under the lead of Miss Sarah E. Bundy, who is Conference Director of Religious Education. The first three rows of seats which had been reserved for the young people were not nearly enough to hold them, as they had come in such numbers from other cities and towns; and the two minute reports they gave of methods used to increase attendance upon meetings, and to make these interesting and profitable, were marked by originality and contagious enthusiasm. One which aroused special attention was the story of the athletic club for boys and young men at Ontario, which has a flavor of secrecy and initiation rites, but which grants the coveted privileges of membership to those only who attend the Bible school. Miss Bundy has a special faculty for drawing out useful information from such a varied assemblage; and she helped those present to appreciate the good points which had been made by the several speakers.

At the six o'clock dinner, some scores of those young people were grouped around adjoining tables; and they indulged in "yells" quite in the style of collegians. All of the meals were served in the large well-appointed dining room of the Friends' Church.

In the evening, the annual sermon was preached by Dr. Carl S. Patton, who defended the Christian Church against recent criticisms of it by such writers as Prof. Fosdick, Mr. Odell, Mr. McAfee, Upton Sinclair and John Haynes Holmes.

Then followed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper administered by the Rev. Holland Burr (our youngest pastor) and Rev. Isaac Fleming.

Tuesday was the great day of the feast. Two hours were given to the reports by the officials of the Conference, under the caption of "The Whole Church Facing the Whole Task." The moderator gave an address which recalled what "Congregationalists as Pioneers" had done. Treasurer Fred M. Wilcox, who was introduced as one who could almost make us feel as happy over a deficit in the receipts as over a balance in the treasury, reported a substantial sum was on hand, as the result of the largest contributions in the history of our churches, which had made it possible to vote an extra grant, as a delightful surprise, of \$100 each to sixteen home missionaries and pastors whose salaries were below a certain standard. Miss Bundy, the Assistant Superintendent, had visited one-third of the 112 churches, in some instances taking part in as many as five different meetings in connection with one such visit. Among encouraging things was the fact that 27 per cent of the churches have teacher training in some form for the Bible school, and that 60 per cent have adopted the tercenten-

ary chart. Dr. Kenngott, as on other occasions, declared himself in favor of the federation of churches, even though in some cases it might mean the disappearing of some of our order. "To democratize the churches is to congregationalize them; and whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." Only a few of our churches are now pastorless, as 92 ministers are serving them. Benevolent contributions for all purposes amounted to more than \$61,000, thus breaking the record. But the net gain in membership was only two and one-half percent, indicating the great need of pushing evangelism. The minimum salary for our pastors ought to be \$1200 and parsonage, or \$1500 without parsonage. We should endeavor to increase largely our benevolent contributions per church member, since the average is much below that of most other denominations.

Conference voted to publish a monthly news bulletin, in the expectation that its cost for ten months would not exceed \$300.

The home missionary pastors to the number of twenty were called to the platform and introduced themselves, giving their names, present location and length of service, and the same data regarding their last pastorate. Then seventeen new pastors in addition were presented in the same way. Finally all ministers in the audience were asked to join them; and there was sung the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds."

In the afternoon, a brief address was given by the new pastor of the Friends Church, Mr. Dell, who had previously ministered for four years in a Congregational Church and two years in a Presbyterian.

Secretary H. H. Kelsey spoke on "After the War, the World," recounting encouraging gains which seem to be about assured, such as the denial of German kultur, the elimination of the Turkish Empire in Europe, the partial disintegration of Mohammedanism, the Christian possession of Constantinople and the peace of Paris, where the controlling powers are nominally Christian.

Reconstruction Problems were presented under three heads. The first was "Americanization," and the three classes specified were the Colored man, the Mexican and the Japanese. Dean Edwin C. Norton urged the importance of the American Missionary Association securing better buildings and better equipment, and mentioned the strong hope that the President's cabinet would be enlarged by the addition of a Secretary of Education, and that the Congress would vote an appropriation of \$100,000,000 to supplement the amounts that may be given by the respective States for public schools. Rev. A. B. Case said that there are now in this country one million and a half of Mexicans, which is about one-fourth of all the peon class in Mexico, after deducting those of pure Indian blood, who do not come here. Almost all of them have no wish to become American citizens, because they have been treated with contempt, and

are suspicious regarding our intentions and attitude toward their own country. We must gain their confidence by kindness, and then we can do almost anything with them. Secretary George W. Hinman made a strong plea for a more generous Christian treatment of the Japanese. He is soon to go with General Secretary George L. Cady to the Hawaiian Islands to study the situation there, and to endeavor to link up the work for orientals in the Islands with that on the Pacific Coast, in the expectation that the most effective missionaries to the Supreme Kingdom will be raised up from these immigrants who have been under occidental Christian influences. Second, "The Interchurch World Movement" was discussed by Dr. J. C. Pinkerton, who is the executive secretary of the State Federation, and who said: "Unity of Purpose, Plan and Performance can evangelize the world." Third, "The Returning Soldier" was pictured by Dr. Geo. A. Andrews, as one of a great host of men "who have been up against a big thing, and won by offering their lives in sacrifice." They can be enlisted in the ranks of the church only by the offer of a program of big things. We must lift up our own cross beside that of Christ.

After the guests had been treated to an automobile ride around the city and its environs, including the extensive grounds of the State Reform School for boys, there was held the banquet of the Southern California Congregational Club, under the genial presidency of Rev. Perry F. Schrock. The humorous and the serious were happily blended in addresses by Rev. Messrs. W. B. Thorp, Herbert C. Ide, William Davies and George L. Cady.

In the evening there was only one address, but it was intensely interesting, packed with information and tremendously earnest, on "The Race Problem Today." Dr. Cady is a real orator, and he held the close attention, of all for an hour. He claimed that the early Christians were persecuted by the Roman emperors not on account of religious differences, but because they stood for equality. Their God was incarnated in the person of a peasant; and the slave was regarded as equal to his master. Then it was of no use to be a king; and the cry was raised "To the lions with the Christians, because they are democrats." The Negroes made a splendid record overseas; and there has been aroused a new sense of fellowship with all mankind. Are we going to give to this long-suffering people their rights?

On Wednesday morning, at the business session, after a discussion of the proposal that the Conference take over the Mexican work in Pomona, Ontario, Chino, Mentone, etc., which is now supported by local churches, the motion to that end was carried unanimously. Other votes approved the Every Member Canvass, Fellowship Meetings for the churches, and Retreats for their pastors. The roster of officers and committees for the coming year is given in another column.

"The Evangelistic Campaign, How it Worked,

and How to Improve It in 1920," was discussed by Rev. Louis A. Goddard and Rev. Edgar R. Fuller. "If a church is spiritually healthy, it can reproduce itself." "The poor, the ignorant and the alien must be welcomed to membership. Culture is not a hindrance to evangelism; it ought to be a help, as witness Wesley, Edwards and Finney."

The time was too short for considering adequately the best method for the churches to show their deep interest in Pomona College. But it was voted to favor the appointment of a standing committee of the Conference on the college, the holding of a meeting of the directors of the Conference annually in February at Claremont, the observance by the churches of a "Pomona Day," and to provide for making a special gift to the college, in lieu of three-fourths of four per cent of the apportionment, which hereafter will be sent intact to the Education Society.

Dr. Carl S. Patton, presented the subject of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund, which was further explained by Dr. William A. Rice of New York; and it was voted unanimously to accept for Southern California the quota of \$154,000 as a minimum.

In the afternoon was discussed "The Church and the League of Nations," by Dr. E. H. Willisford and Rev. George Laughton, who were at one in maintaining that the church would be recreant to her ideal, were she to refuse to support the league. The closing address was by President Blaisdell on "The Christian Conquest of Japan." Remarking that one-third of the world's population is found in China and its vicinity, he said that Japan is the efficient power in that vast east, and is destined to control it "for better or for worse." She is a force which has been solidifying for 2500 years; and she has a population of 2000 souls to each square mile of arable land, and must obtain more room for them. There is a military Japan and a democratic Japan; so that there is a complex of forces in fierce competition. Congregationalism is essentially democratic; therefore the Kumai churches cannot unite with other denominations, because their members will not surrender their liberty to think for themselves.

There was a large attendance at the meeting in Whittier, 72 pastors, 59 other ministers, and 154 delegates; a total of 285 who were registered by card, besides visitors. Through all the sessions the pervading spirit was admirable, fraternal and reverent, grateful for the past and confident in God for the future. The brief seasons of devotion were wisely led and helpful. A real contribution to this result was made by the opening words of Rev. Frank C. Reid, on the necessity of personal preparation for the work which so generally takes on social forms; and there was a spontaneous gathering for prayer in Room K early on the first morning. The moderator testified that his work had been made easy by the manifest readiness of all to co-operate with him. When Rev. A. E. Shattuck read the felicitously worded

resolution of thanks to all in the friendly city of the friends who had helped to make our stay memorable, it was adopted by a most hearty rising vote. The Conference is to meet next year with the First Church of Los Angeles.

Officers and Committees of Southern California Conference, Elected at Annual Meeting in Whittier.

President and Moderator, Mr. Dell A. Schweitzer.
Vice-president and Assistant Moderator, Rev. Herbert C. Ide.

Registrar and Statistical Secretary, Rev. George F. Kenngott.

Secretary and Scribe, Rev. E. H. Willisford.

Assistant Secretary and Scribe, Rev. Holland F. Burr.

Treasurer and Financial Secretary, Mr. Fred M. Wilcox.

Preacher, Rev. George A. Andrews.

Alternate preacher, Rev. John B. Toomay.

Superintendent, Rev. George F. Kenngott.

Assistant Superintendent and Director of Religious Education, Miss Sarah E. Bunday.

Directors (for three years) C. S. Patton, E. P. Ryland, E. H. Willisford, E. R. Fuller, G. W. Marston and W. C. Barth.

Benevolence Committee: E. E. Day, Mrs. E. C. Norton, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Miss Emily M. Barrett, W. H. Hannaford, H. B. Mowbray, E. R. Fuller, G. R. Lockwood, W. O. Wark.

Evangelism and Fellowship: E. P. Ryland, A. B. MacLeod, James Muir, W. Davies, E. B. Roberts, F. C. Reid, A. R. Varian, F. B. Westcott, W. D. Macrae, M. T. Gilmore.

Religious Education: Miss Sarah E. Bunday, Miss Helen C. Babson, C. Ferris, H. K. Booth, H. F. Burr, J. B. Toomey, E. R. Fuller, D. W. Schick.

Indian Affairs: Levi Chubbock, Miss Susan Blake, Miss Anna Meeker.

Invested Funds: A. J. Crookshank, D. A. Schweitzer, J. C. F. Atsatt, G. A. Rawson, C. M. Stone.

Program: D. A. Schweitzer, C. S. Patton, C. Ferris, H. D. French, D. F. Fox.

Social Service and Men's work: H. D. French, A. E. Shattuck, C. F. Nelson.

Ministerial Relief: L. P. Hitchcock, W. B. Thorp, H. C. Ide.

Training for the Ministry: G. F. Kenngott, P. F. Schrock, G. M. Morrison.

Committee to represent the Conference in the State Church Federation: the Board of directors of the Southern California Conference, the Conference Superintendent, the Moderators and Scribes of the four Associations.

Conference Representative on the Missionary Education Committee: J. H. Lash.

Delegates to the National Council: James A. Blaisdell, Carl S. Patton.

There is no scheme that is half as strong as the straight game.

PASADENA, FIRST CHURCH.

Six members were received June 1st, three on confession. A large congregation greeted the pastor's son, Donald Fox, on a recent Sunday evening to hear his overseas' experiences, Mr. Fox having been in ambulance work for the French government before America entered the war. His experiences took him into Italy and Albania for some months. Upon his return to France, he entered the service of the U. S. government, and was actively engaged at the front, receiving the Croix de Guerre for distinguished service, as did another young man of First Church, Mr. Geo. Wm. Hall, son of Rev. Geo. E. Hall, formerly A. M. A. secretary of the Western District.

Two other young men of the church received the Italian Cross in recognition of hazardous duty nobly performed.

On May 29th the Bible School gave a Welcome Home evening for the service boys, in the orchestra, the children's May pole and other May festivities figured, culminating in a processional of tiny fairies bringing to Mrs. Fox, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, a superb basket of flowers in recognition of the wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Fox.

At the close of the program, a most interesting exhibit of war souvenirs brought home by the boys was held in the parlors.

The Boy Scouts were given an important part in the patriotic Children's Day observance, June 8th. The service was made memorable from the fact that of eleven children baptized, seven were Armenians of three families who were baptized by their own grandfather, Rev. S. H. Devinian, formerly a pastor in Hadgin, Turkey. Fifteen of Mr. Devinian's grand children were present at the service, and it was announced that their Children's Day offerings would go toward the rescue of another little grandson now in captivity at Aleppo.

ESCONDIDO.

The reports given at the annual meeting in May showed all departments of the church to be in fine condition. The membership now is 276, 38 having been received during the last year. During the three year's pastorate of the Rev. L. A. Goddard 130 persons have been received into membership, and the net gain has been 100. At the time of the annual meeting there was a balance in the treasury and the budgets for the ensuing year both for home expenses and for benevolences were fully subscribed.

JAPANESE ANNUAL CONFERENCE RESOLUTIONS.

For five years the peace of the world has been disturbed by the greatest war in history. At last the struggle is over, and the light of a new era appears to be dawning. Feeling deeply our responsibility for the improvement of social conditions, we workers for the Japanese, in the annual conference of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in

session in Los Angeles, May 10th, 1919, present the following resolutions:

1st. We emphasize the spirit of democracy, liberty and equality based on the principles of Christianity.

2nd. Taking into account the relationship of Japan to other nations, we resolve to publish the message and spirit of Christianity in this land with greater earnestness.

3rd. In conformity with the desire of the government of the United States, we Christians living in this land must show ourselves to be strongly in favor of Americanization.

4th. We resolve to impress upon our countrymen the superiority of Christian moral standards.

5th. We resolve to do all in our power to promote the education of Japanese children in this land, to better the condition of our women, and to elevate the standard of living among our people.

MOTHERS' DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINA-TOWN.

All of our Chinese churches observed the day. At our Congregational Church the service occupied the whole time usually allotted to the Sunday school and the sermon; opportunity being given for testimonies, to which a goodly number responded.

In the evening a union service was held in the roomy chapel of the Presbyterian Church. Every seat in it was occupied and many were standing. As it is known that the seating capacity of this chapel exceeds 500, there was no exaggeration in the report that more than 500 persons were present. This is more than one-thirtieth of the Chinese population of San Francisco. If a like proportion of our people of all nationalities were to attend Sunday evening services, the aggregate number would be in excess of 20,000. I venture this comparison to show that notwithstanding the tong wars and the corrupting influence on American officials by Chinese gamblers, of which our newspapers inform us, still those who have been seeking to bring the Chinese to Christ, have not only—as we know to be the case—led many souls to believe in Him and be saved, but that really good progress has been made in leavening this mass.

Secretary Barton of our American Board speaks of "unusual progress in South China in the advance of Christianity," and I am quite sure that this, as well as "the putting more responsibility upon the Chinese leaders," to which he attributes that progress, is due largely to the return to South China of many who were saved through the fruitful gospel services rendered among them while here.

W. C. P.

FROM RIPON TO LOCKFORD.

After six years of successful work as pastor of the Congregational Church at Ripon, the Rev. J. J. Kelley has accepted a call from the church at Lockford and has entered on the work. Mr. Kelley succeeds the Rev. L. A. Sahlstrom who had to

give up the work at Lockeford on account of illness. Mr. Kelley writes: "He has left me an oasis. This little flock lives in the kingdom of grace and usefulness."

WARD MEMORIAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The Ward Memorial Church, is situated in the factory district of East Oakland—often spoken of as "below the tracks." With a resident membership of less than twenty and a working force of a scant half dozen, the Rev. Emmanuel Hoskins, without aid from any missionary society, has labored devotedly for more than nine years in this community where work has been attempted by no other organization. One of the rewards of his faithful service came on a recent Sunday when he had the pleasure of welcoming into the fellowship of the church a fine body of young people nurtured in the Christian life by the work carried on here by him through these years. Eight persons came into the church membership that day on confession of faith and five by letter.

Now, at the age of eighty years, Mr. Hoskins has resigned as pastor, his resignation taking effect the first of June. He has been made Pastor Emeritus.

ANTIOCH.

At the annual meeting in May the report indicated that the church is in a prosperous condition. The treasurer reported all bills paid and \$100 balance in the treasury.

The "Busy Sisters," which meet four times a month, had an average attendance of 25; and pay all the expenses of the church. They close the year with a nice balance in the treasury.

Twenty-five new members were received during the year. The net gain for the year being 20.

At the conclusion of business at the time of the annual meeting, the Rev. T. H. Dodd, the pastor, delivered a short address on "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," which was listened to with interest. At the close of the address refreshments were served by the "Busy Sisters," and a good time enjoyed by all.

BIBLE HOUSE ON WHEELS.

The Pacific Agency of the American Bible Society is sending out Mr. and Mrs. Ole Johnson of Healdsburg, Cal., on a tour along the highways and byways of the Pacific Agency. They have started from San Francisco and will travel through the San Joaquin Valley and into the foothills of the Sierras during the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are experienced auto colporteurs, having been engaged in this work for the last six years.

The car in which they travel is fully equipped with camping facilities and so arranged as to make them independent of hotels. It is a combined home and Bible House. Scriptures in all languages

will be sold and distributed, and it is expected that many who are now Bible-less will be supplied with Scriptures by them.

They are equipped with stereopticon pictures, and will be able to deliver lectures on the street corners, as well as in churches and missions.

Mr. Johnson is a Scandinavian and is able to speak five languages. Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have long been engaged in mission work and are admirably adapted for such open air services and Bible colportage work.

OREGON.

Waverly Heights Church, Portland.

The Rev. O. P. Avery, coming from Los Angeles, entered on the pastorate here on the first of January. After the "flue" epidemic and scare passed the work began to develop. We have organized an Intermediate C. E. and a Senior Y. P. Roundtable and both have been doing some good work. The Senior Y. P. is raising money for improvement of the social room, already having provided a fireplace mantel. At the Easter service twenty-five united with the church, five of them on confession from a pastor's class and two on reaffirmation. Two others were given the right hand of fellowship, having joined since the former pastor went in Army Y. M. C. A. work. An afternoon and evening were spent in a Church Community Conference and the whole field of the church work surveyed by departments, and departmental programs and goals set for the year's work ending June, 1920.

WASHINGTON.

The Inland Empire.

Representative Congregationalists were invited to attend the annual banquet of the Spokane Diocese. About a dozen responded and it proved to be a very interesting occasion. Bishop Page presided in a most graceful manner. He presented carefully the proposal for closer relation between the Congregationalists and Episcopalians. He is a man of fine Christian spirit, broad in his sympathies and frank in his expressions of views. Bishop Paddock, of Oregon, was also present and delivered a rousing address, giving evidence of the same magnanimous spirit as Bishop Page.

Addresses were given by Drs. Harper and Penrose and other Congregationalists, all giving evidence of a desire to bring the different denominations nearer together.

The same subject was discussed at our last Ministers' Alliance meeting, revealing a lack of unanimity of opinion. There were some in favor of the proposal of the Episcopalians, believing that a supplementary ordination would not mean a repudiation of the former ordination, and would be a step toward the union of Christendom without the sacrifice of any principle. There were others radically opposed to it, and insisting that it would mean a step backward.

The Congregational Club has inaugurated an advanced movement under the presidency of C. C. McEachran, a live wire of Plymouth Church. Fortnightly noon luncheons are held when pastors and laymen meet to consider Congregational interests. The two meetings held have proved lively and profitable. The main theme has been Congregational propaganda and good results are promised. Arrangements have been made to have the pastorless churches adjacent to Spokane supplied by laymen during the summer, or until pastors are found.

The Spokane District Christian Endeavor Convention was held in this city last week, closing Sunday night. There were nearly 200 delegates present representing the whole Inland Empire, including some Nez Perce Indians. A program of high order was carried out and reports presented were encouraging, more so than for several years. A spiritual atmosphere pervaded the meeting from beginning to end, due largely to the spiritual leadership of the president, Miss Dyer of Seattle. There were 250 at the Alumni banquet. A special feature of the convention were addresses by Dr. Harper, of the Westminster Church, and Dr. Daniel Poling, the International Associate President. The closing meeting on Sunday night was extraordinary and impressive, when about two score young persons came forward in response to Dr. Polling's invitation, signifying their purpose to consecrate their lives to the service of Christ.

Rev. Edmund Owens and wife, recently of San Mateo, California, just beginning their work at Suisun, have been visiting us, and we were glad to see them. They have spent several weeks among relatives and friends in this region where they are well and favorably known. Brother Owens is one of the many good gifts of Washington to California.

Rev. A. A. Doyle has received a call and has begun work at Chewelah. Rev. R. N. Campbell of Seattle has been in the city, speaking several times this week, but it was not my privilege to hear him.

I am writing this in a hurry, late in the evening. I am expecting to leave for Walla Walla in the morning to take in all I can of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Stephen L. B. Penrose's administration as President of Whitman College. It will be a great and interesting occasion. It will be my privilege to talk, God willing, Sunday afternoon on "The History of the Washington Yale Band, and Its Significance in the Missionary Life of This Section."

Dr. James M. Campbell's Book on "The Second Coming of Christ."

It is a great book, a real *multum in parvo* on the subject. Every pastor should own one or more. It is marvelously illuminating. See that your parishioners read it. It is a book for the times and ought to have a large circulation to counteract the perilous influence of the literature published on the other side. I heartily concur with what was published as a review of it in *The Pacific*. The doctor has done splendid service in giving to the world this

fruit of his mature thinking. God bless him and grant him yet many years of usefulness is my prayer.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Washington, May 6, 1919.

THE UNSEEN PRESENCE.

By Roland H. Bainton.

Oh Thou, who dwellest in the purple mist,
That veilest distant hills at eventide;
Who broodest over languid pools sun-kissed,
And on the wings of dying day doth ride.

Who throbbest in the lark's full-throated song,
And murmurest in the hum of summer flies.
Drowsy, droning through the twilight long,
Strains of soft-sung birdland melodies;

Thou who inspirest childhood's earliest prayer,
The tender touch of sainted finger-tips,
The deeds and actions of the souls that dare,
And fiery words that burn on martyr-lips;

O God, thou everlasting Lord of life,
Who in the cloud, the bird, the man doth spring,
Well in my heart with arid passions rife,
And teach my ever-parched soul to sing.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

**Headquarters, Room 421, 760 Market Street,
San Francisco.**

"Women have made a new record in war. Are they ready to make a new record in missions?"

Awake to the cry of humanity, heedful of Christ's command, obedient to the will of the Father, the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific makes answer—"By the grace of God, Yes."

A successful advance means a careful preparation. For this reason the women of the W. B. M. P. will hold a conference at Olney Lodge, Mills College, from June 23 to 27. Those invited to attend are the president and treasurer of each Branch, the directors, secretaries and advisory committee of the Board, and our missionaries who are at present with us.

The purpose of the conference is to study carefully the conditions of the fields at home and abroad; to learn the needs and to plan how best to meet them by successful methods, wise policies and large increase of funds.

In less than five years from now, in September, 1923, the Board will celebrate its Golden Jubilee. Careful consideration of plans worthy of such an event will engage a large share of the time and thought of the conference.

The Board has determined to try and meet the pleading eyes of little children and the unjust hardships and bitter suffering of women with help as strong and sympathetic as the spirit of Christ de-

mands of them. By Bible-women and teachers, and nurses and physicians in homes, schools, kindergartens and hospitals, they will convey the love of Christ to relieve the misery and dispel the darkness. "A Crusade of Compassion," the mission study-book for this year, is an eloquent appeal, impossible to resist for suffering and dishonored womanhood. Let no one fail to read it.

The women of the conference unite in asking all the members of the auxiliaries to bear them in special remembrance in the days before and during the sessions, and to offer prayer each day in the form of petitions suggested below.

Nine o'clock in the morning is the time at which many have agreed to join in this prayer service. Thursday afternoon, June 26, has been set apart as a reception day, when the conference will welcome any and all friends to enjoy an attractive program at Olney Lodge and the beauties of the Mills College campus.

In Remembrance of the Conference.

Pray for a blessing on the conference of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific as it plans for greater efficiency and a fuller development of resources in its world-wide work for women and children.

Pray for sympathetic unity among officers, members of committees, leaders and speakers, and all who attend; for wisdom, for singleness of purpose, for buoyant faith and enduring enthusiasm.

Pray that special wisdom may be given for planning the Board's Golden Jubilee in 1923; for wide vision, courage to attempt great things and ability to accomplish them.

Pray that the women in all the auxiliaries may have an increasingly sympathetic and intelligent understanding of the significance of the Board's work—in all its departments and as a whole; pray that for them the Board may become a vital thing in whose work they share, rather than a piece of machinery, detached and impersonal.

Pray for a spirit of fellowship in service; for a deeper sense of obligation; for more consecration and sacrifice; for the spirit of Christ to animate and constrain all purposes of daily living.



OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMPS FOR MISSIONARY FORCES.

Four of these are held each year on the Pacific Coast. The Los Angeles School of Missions has already been held. Mt. Hermon, Calif., comes next, July 5-12. Mrs. A. Rosenberger, a well known educator, especially along missionary lines, having spent many years as a missionary in Palestine, will teach the mission study classes. There will be open parliaments, institutes, children's hour and evening addresses with pictures or demonstrations of the missionary work in many lands. Rooms in Missions' building, \$1.00 a day, less by the week; meals at cafeteria at reasonable rates. Mt. Hermon offers the attractions of the wonderful Sequoia Trail and a community of Christian people who own summer

cottages there.

At Asilomar, Monterey County, Calif., July 15-25, will be offered the usual intensive training in the presentation of missions to the Sunday school, through the courses on Primary, Junior, Intermediate and Senior grades; normal classes, mission study classes and all the new books for the year, and a new class devoted to program building especially helpful to the women's societies. Open parliaments every morning from 11 to 12 o'clock. The afternoons are reserved for recreation and rest. Vespers and the story hour from 7 to 8 is one of the choice hours of the day when the missionaries relate their experiences in an intimate fashion to the group around the big open fire. The platform addresses and denominational meetings fill up the last hour on different evenings. Accommodations include board and lodging and are from \$15.00 to \$27.50 for the period of ten days. A registration fee of \$5.00 is additional. Camping facilities are afforded at a slight fee, and railroad rates will be given. Bring warm clothing.

For Seabeck, Washington, the program will be approximately the same as at Asilomar; rates from \$1.50 a day up to \$2.25. The date is July 30 to August 9.

Why Attend.

- If you want a vacation amid ideal surroundings;
- If you want to know the purposes and plans of the Inter-Church World Movement and the program of the great Mission Boards of America;
- If you want missionary efficiency in your church;
- If you want best methods for your missionary societies;
- If you want to learn how to make your Sunday school an effective missionary agency;
- If you want to be introduced to the new mission study books;
- If you want the best normal methods for mission study leaders;
- If you want the inspiration and information of great platform speakers;
- If you want the fellowship of the choicest missionary workers of your own and of other denominations;
- Put one of these Summer Conferences on your calendar.



SUCCESSFUL PLAN OF WASHINGTON BRANCH WORTHY OF IMITATION.

Last fall the Washington Branch of the W. B. M. P. and the W. H. M. U. planned an interesting series of nine programs, "Neighbor Women Everywhere," designed to answer the old question, "Who is my neighbor?"

These programs were arranged to meet the needs of missionary societies and auxiliaries away from library centers. The series follows the same plan as the Tercentenary chart for the Sunday schools and includes "China's Women," "India's Women," "Japan's Women," "Home Missionary Mothers," "Negroes and Mountaineers," "Indians and Island-

ers," "Churchless Communities and Leaderless Youth," "Wives and Children of Aged Ministers," "Sunday School Extension." A charge of ten cents is made for the series.

When we started there were only three places wanting the programs. Each month, however, the mail brought new requests, until now, this last month, we are mailing the ninth program to twenty different towns in Washington, some east and some west of the mountains.

Letters come telling how helpful the programs have been and how they have really met a need.

A committee has been appointed and will soon be at work on a new series for next year, hoping to present the needs of the home and foreign fields, and how they are being met by our missionaries both here and abroad.

M. A. K.

THE SUPREME OPTIMIST.

(1 Cor:13-7)

We read—"Love hopeth all things":

This message inspiration brings!

When plans are "crossed" and things "go wrong"—

"Love hopeth all things"—sings a song!

When all around is dark as night—

"Love hopeth all things"—sees a Light!

Seeking ever the wisest choice—

"Love hopeth all things"—hears a Voice!

When sorrows come and fears annoy—

"Love hopeth all things"—speaks of Joy!

Would you, then, meet life's searching test?

"Love hopeth all things"—Love is best!

W. J. THOMPSON,

Pastor Congregational Church, Brantford, Canada.

May 7, 1919.

THE CHILDREN

THE TWENTIETH HUNDRED.

Elsie Darwin came skipping home from school. Mother always said that when Elsie came skipping down the street, she knew that something nice had happened to her. Something nice had happened today, and it made Elsie feel very happy. So she skipped, and as she skipped she sang a little song.

It was an old, old tune which she sang, but no one else had ever heard the words, for she had made them up herself. She hummed them very softly under her breath:

"I got a hundred, I got a hundred,

I got a hundred today."

It was not the first day Elsie had stood one hundred in spelling. Not at all. Indeed, she had had one hundred just seventeen times that month, and now there were only three more days to spell. If she could have one hundred three more times, her name would go on the honor roll. Then think of the joy of showing father her report card!

So Elsie skipped and sang her little song, "I

got a hundred, I got a hundred," till she reached home, and could tell mother. Of course, it would have been nice to surprise mother, too, but a little girl must have some one to talk things over with.

The next day was Wednesday, and Elsie skipped home from school that afternoon. The next day was Thursday, and again Elsie skipped.

"Now there is only one more day, mother," she said, "and I can surely get just one more. And won't father be surprised? And won't he be proud of me?"

Every one in school was excited that Friday afternoon. The girls talked it over at recess. There were three girls in the class who had nineteen hundreds—Sadie Clark, Mabel Deland and Elsie.

"You girls needn't be so sure," Lucy Case said.

"You may make mistakes today. I was sure, too, when I had fifteen hundreds. I thought I could get five more, but I made a mistake that very day."

"Oh, but we won't make mistakes," said Sadie. "Will we, Elsie?"

"We will study just as hard till we know every word. Won't we, Sadie?"

"Of course, we will," said Sadie.

Spelling class came just before school closed. Elsie could hardly sit still in her seat. Her little song kept running through her head. She was almost afraid she would sing it out aloud.

"I'll get a hundred, I'll get a hundred,

I'll get my twentieth hundred to-day."

This is what she sang to herself now.

"Only three more words to write," she thought. Her feet were tapping up and down under her seat, keeping time to the song.

"Oh dear! thought Elsie. "One of those horrid 'ie' words that I could never spell. But I know this one to-day." She wrote it down.

Then there were two more words, and it was time to change papers, Elsie smiled at Sadie as they exchanged, and Sadie smiled back at Elsie. The smiles meant that each little girl was sure.

Mabel Deland was asked to spell. Just as she began, Elsie gave a quick glance down Sadie's column of words.

"Yes, they were just like hers. No! Were they, after all? Elsie was looking at the eighteenth word. It did not look right.

"Deceive—" she said quickly to herself. Sadie had "ei." "Can she be right?" she thought.

And then the awful truth came to her. Sadie was right. She was wrong! Mabel was spelling, and Elsie must try to follow her. And, oh, whatever she did she must not cry!

Elsie marked 100 at the top of Sadie's paper, and gave it back to her. She tried to be brave and smile at Sadie, but it was hard to make the smile come. Sadie smiled back at her, however, as if everything were all right.

Elsie took her paper. She looked first at the eighteenth word. What had happened to it? It looked right now!

Then she understood. Sadie had made the slightest mark with her pencil, so that the "i" was turned into an "e." The dot was just halfway between the two letters. And no one need ever know. And there at the top of her paper was the big one hundred mark.

"It is what I have worked for for a whole month," Elsie thought. "And I can't bear to fail at the very end."

So when Sadie and the others stood, Elsie stood with them. But when Miss Morris praised them for their good work, Elsie did not feel as glad about it as she had expected to.

She didn't feel like singing her little song, either. Instead she kept thinking the word she had misspelled—"Deceive, deceive, deceive;" she could think of nothing else.

"Is there a commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not deceive?'" she wondered. She didn't believe there was, but it sounded like one.

Elsie slipped away from the other girls when school was out, and started home alone. She didn't skip at all to-night.

"I don't care," she said to herself. "I worked hard all month and now my name is on the roll, anyway, and I can tell father."

This is what Elsie tried very hard to say to herself. But all the time another voice kept saying, "Deceive—deceive—deceive—deceive." And when she tried to think of telling her father, as she had planned, she knew that she could never do it while that voice rang in her ears.

There was just one thing that she could do. She turned around and walked fast, almost ran, back to the school-house. Then when Miss Morris understood all about it and her name had been erased from the board, she started once more. She did not skip nor sing, but the voice had stopped.

She told her mother when she reached home, and cried, too, with her head in mother's lap. "Now, it is all spoiled," she sobbed, "and there won't be anything to tell father at all."

"I think I would tell him, dear, if I were you," mother said. "I think I would tell him the whole story."

Elsie did tell him as she sat on his knee after supper. "And now you can't be proud of me at all," she finished.

"But I am proud of my little girl," he said. "And I believe she has made me more happy than if she had told me of a twentieth hundred."—Mary Katharine Reely.

"O God of life and truth, give us a dream to fight for!

Love, honor, faith, to suffer and to die for!
For only our bodies fight and suffer and die:
Our souls, our souls, reach on!"

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